"WHO KILLED CARTER," By EMMA HOWARD WICHT, NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXX. NO. 3. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1902. Single Copies 5 Cents.

CONQUERED BY THE DEAD;

Or,

KNIFE-MADE LIPS THAT STILL ACCUSED.

By R. L. STEVENSON.

"We have windfalls of various kinds," said the dealer, "Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch, if dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtues." Markheim had but just entered from the streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the dame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled.

"You come to me on Christmas day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put me my shutters, and make it point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, beside, for a kind of mannep that I practise in you being very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions, but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled, and then, changing his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give us as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

And the little pale, rat-eaten, bombdered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of. My uncle's cabinet is bare to the walls, even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand today is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter, but the thing was neglected yesterday. I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, such marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the various lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer, after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand-glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was, just like yourself, my dear sir, prejudiced and heir of a remarkable collector." The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim—a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said, hoarsely and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not?"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled.

"Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard-favored," said he. "I ask you" said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins, and follies—this hand-conscience. Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man." The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing. There was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving; unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love-match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I?" cried the dealer. "I, in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time today for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows—we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer, "either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim, "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more; this time to replace the object on the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his greatcoat. He drew himself up, and filled his lungs; at the same time many different sensations depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and extreme fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer, and then, as he began to rearise, Markheim bounded from his victim upon the back. The long skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then rumbled to the floor in a heap.

There had come score of small voices in that shop—some stately and slow, as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet hastily running on the pavement broke in upon these smaller voices, and startled Markheim like the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught, and by that inconsiderable movement the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea; the tall shadows nodding, the great blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that league of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim. There it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In those poor, miserly clothes, in that unsightly attitude, the dealer had lost all much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was no one to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of vision; dead flesh is dead flesh until it has found. Found! ay, and then? Time was when this had been England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

He drew near the body of his victim.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows and startled to the very soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home design, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and

Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring through the house and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

repeated, as it were an army of spies. His own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet; and, still, as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind harassed him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used the knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed 'him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also: he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to create a thing unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be architect of the future instead of past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavily on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or the steps, galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he fancied them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend their whole existence upon memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into alarm round the table, the mother still with raised finger, every degree and age and sex, but all, by their own hearths, prying and harkening and weaving in the end that web that hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly as a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the clicking, he was tempted to stop the clock. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terror, the very silence of the night appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle about among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate pains, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and active, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong grasp on his credulity. The neighbor hankering with white face beside the window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect; they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could pentrate. But the man in the house was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant out, he had locked in-ing, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and every smile. Yet was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of the empty house above him, he could surely hear at stir of delicate footing—he was sensibly conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Aye, surely; in every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it, and now it was a darkened thing, and now had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again it took the image of the dead dealer, inspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door, which still seemed to resist his eyes. The house was like a thing skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light filtered through it to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very lively gentleman began to beat with a cane on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. But, no! he lay quite still; he was fled away on joyous errand, deaf to such commonplace shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of fiends; and his name, which would not have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become as empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this receiving household into the welcoming bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of it, his own door in safety and apparent innocence—his bed. The visitor had come, and gone; another might follow, and be more obstinate. He have done the deed, and not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money was now Markheim's conscience and as a means to that, it shone.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of mind, yet with a greater stir, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit hastily donned by a person in haste, it sat scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. He feared to dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might lose significance with the touch. He took the body by the shoulder and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs as if they had been broken, fell into the strangest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about the temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. He scarce knew stop the instant to a certain fair-day in a fabled village, a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the streets, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dingily designed, garishly colored; Browning with her apprentice; the Maunings with their murdered sweetheart. Weare in the death-grip of Thurell; and a score beside of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy: he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures: he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory, and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sensation, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies, and now, by his act, all that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interdicted finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness than the mere sense of waste. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly, and he listened to the voice upon the roof, and banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echo; and the tumult of his ear and mingled with the ticking of the clock; and high up in the house, behind a locked door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own, stealthy footfalls that dared not come forward, and feared to be discovered. But the sense of waste still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He thrust the body with his foot, and it fell backward, inert, clumsy, grotesque, with limbs and muscles and draw back the door.

Beyond, the passage was dimly glimmered dimly on the bare floors and stairs; on the brown paint of the doors, on the handle in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood-carvings and framed pictures that hung against the wall of the stair well. The wainscot. So loud was the beating of the blood in Markheim's ears, that, like Paris of Helen's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds, footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the crackling of documents stealthily alar, appeared to mingle with the air about him, and evil voices to hold debate on every side were hair rewarded as with the touch of fingers, and shrunk before his eyes into a little thing. The four and twenty steps to the first floor were four and twenty agonies.

At the first landing, the house stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves. On the second, he was like to have cried never again, he felt, he sufficiently knew, for any conscience or any purpose, eyes: he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And still the stair wound and deepened in a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and their fears, and pursuing to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not possible, he thought, that God should, in the end of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, the mechanical part of the quality of man's experience, some wilful lifelessness in the agents, which would make, depending on the rules, calculating consequence, and implacably pursue, of nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the council board, should break the mold of their successful plot. The thing was clear reason, writers said) when the winter changed the time of the seed sowing. But God, who made fall Markheim; the solid walls might betray him; the stout planks might betray him; the air might betray him; a sigh betray him; above all, his own eyes, which he had watched, and seen unflinching through so many hours, might betray him. Out of the house already he felt himself engulfed and lost in the crowd of the populous city, all gone from him, and given up to brutal judgment. Even the places he had known so familiarly, his own bedroom, the easy-chair by the fire, the titles of his books, the pictures on his wall—all had already the air of mere memories, and he was dislocated from his life, like a man shot down in battle from his place in rank.

Four hold Markheim in a vise. What to do with the body? Whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, were the more dreadful, shudder stumbling in to consign him to the gallows; at last, a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced around the room, and withdrew again, and the door closed behind it. His first broke from him in a dreadful peal, and he heard it answered from the threshold by a voice that he knew. It was the voice of his partner, the man of the shop, who had long specified to come that night and share the booty. Markheim's ears, like a lynx, had been quick to remark the approaching footsteps, and his mind, preoccupied with the incidents of the murder, had taken no special notice. Now, however, he remembered clearly and connectedly that he had indeed heard the creaking of the door, and the footfall of a man entering and advancing through the house. And why had he not remarked them? Why, indeed, but because his consciousness had been elsewhere, busy with the phantoms of its own creation? Because he had been, in fact, half out of the body, and almost deaf and blind to external sounds and sights? And now, when he was back into his body, how was it with his senses? Markheim, who had been lending an ear to every sound in the house a moment before, was now stupefied and careless. Was it possible that, in his flight upstairs, he had actually left the door open behind him? Possible or impossible, there was the fact. And the man downstairs, what was he doing all this time? Markheim could not remember. He must have heard the alarm, he must be on his guard, he must be ready for surprise.

Markheim made no answer.

"I thought so," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual, and will soon be here. Mr. Markheim is in this house, I suspect not describe to him the consequences."

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite with me, Markheim," he said; "long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim, "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can!" cried Markheim: "it does! Be assured by this sign, that I defy and abhor you. I do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity, or rather firmness. "I know you to the bottom."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? Man scarce knows himself. I am murder on myself. I have lived to belie my nature, and there are depths in the worst sin, this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, and upon each life some accident of temper died in a cloak. If they had their own confession—if you had it—how little would they be altogether different, they would shine out for honest souls! I am worse than most; my self is more overlaid; my crime, which is known to me and God, . . . But, had I the right to judge myself?"

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"Why not?" said the other. "I surprised the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you know my actions—you were a reader of the heart; and yet you propose to judge me by my acts. Think of my temptation, look at the clock, and say if a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the heels, these past days, through the Valley of Circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts. But you are no judge, I thank God! Can you not understand that evil is hateful only when we abhor it, and that to a right writing of conscience, never blurred by habitual sophistry, although too often disregarded, all sins seem venial, all venial sins, that surely must be common as humanity—inevitable?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the comment, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my prudence, and I care not in the least by what compromise you may endeavor to escape away, so that you are but carried in the end to a confession. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and whistling for a policeman. And you still she keeps moving nearer; and, remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding towards you through the Valley of the streets. Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you the word that will transport you?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer nothing," was the answer. "I am a mere spectator, and I tell you that you will be condemned. But you have still the right to choose."

"Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost—say I am plunged again in worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, hailing me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, self-renunciations, martyrdoms, and, though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor: who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter: there is no good thing

A high-class preparation in every way. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color. The hair grows rapidly, stops falling, and dandruff disappears.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

nor true thing on earth, but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the vicinant raised his finger. "For ets and thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and rarities of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blanched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, in its grave and cruel entirety, upon which you still recoil? Five years from now I shall detect you in the act. Downward, downward lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said, huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all; the very saints, in their mere exercise of living grow less saintly, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other, "and by your answer I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more kind—possibly you do right to be so—and, at any account, it is the same with all men; but, granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one," repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with relief, "in none. I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I offer you pleasure?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Three years ago did I not set you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your first resolve loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim, "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; they are conjectural, but I believe myself at last for what I am."

At this moment the sharp note of the doorbell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The client!" he cried, "and he has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with a assured face and create a business countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success. Once the girl is within, and the door closed, the same austerity that has already rid you of the old dealer will relieve you of the last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your escape. Only, in God's name, take care with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried, 'up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales. Up and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say, truly at the beck of every small temptation, out of all, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. The door of good is dammed up impassable; it may, and let it be. But I have still my hatred left, and from that, to your chilling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The tissues of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change; they softened and softened with a tender pity, a longsuffering, and even as they brightened, faded and dwindled; but Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door, and went down the creaking stairway, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him: he beheld it as it was, spied and strenuous like a dream, random as chance medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus viewed it, seemed to him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his barque. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind as he stood gazing; and then the bell once more broke into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You let before go for the police," said he; "I have killed your master."

BUILT A MONUMENT.

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way Mr. J. G. Casey of Ayers, Ill., describes it. He says, "For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion, and was a physical wreck.

"The different kinds of medicines I tried did not cure me, but finally some one told me I must leave off coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee. I was fortunate in having the new article strictly according to the directions, so that, from the start, I liked it. It has not been long before I made the change from coffee to Postum without any trouble.

Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to get well and my appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I have been restored to strength and health. Can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body. Everyone who meets me comments on my getting so fat and rosy.

I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change, it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

AN EXASPERATING BLUNDER.

"Why, Oliver, what possessed you to think that Cousin Berta was engaged?" exclaimed Edith Ranken.

Then she began to laugh and looked over at Cousin Berta, who sat some distance, reading a book, and quite too far away to hear her cousin's merry laugh, or form any guess as to the cause of it.

"It's too ridiculous," continued Edith. "But do tell me, Oliver, what put it into your head to think that Berta was engaged?"

"Well, I don't know that I thought it all of my own unaided fancy," returned Oliver Blount, as he leaned against the trunk of one of the great cherry trees to which Miss Ranken's hammock was tied.

As the hammock swung to and fro it brought down every few minutes a little shower of ripe and luscious fruit, which made a delightful diversion in the disconnected talk of these two young people.

Edith had not intended her cry to ask who had assisted Oliver in his effort of fancy, when a great ripe cherry dropped from the tree above her head, and seeming kindred with her glowing lips; and so the gentleman answered the unspoken question waiting for her question:

"Somebody told me she was engaged, Edith. I forgot now who it was. But since I've answered your question, now answer mine. What is there so very amusing in the thought of Berta's engagement?"

"Well, nothing," laughed Edith again. "You see, she's so brown—so very, very brown."

"Yes," replied young Blount, turning his face for an instant upon the object of these remarks; "she certainly is brown."

And then bringing his eyes back to Edith, he allowed it rest somewhat critically and very admiringly on the fair maiden lying in the hammock.

"And you, fairest Edith, are so blonden-so very, very blonde."

He continued aloud:

"That is no good reason why Berta should not be engaged. There is no objection to a pretty girl being brown, and people have been known to prefer them so."

"Goodness! Do you think Berta pretty?" exclaimed Edith, in her sudden interest, raising herself on her elbow, and immediately being nearly capsized.

Mr. Blount caught her and as she really was half-thrown into his arms, he had no choice but to hold her there an instant to keep her from falling, and then to lay her head back on the silken cushion.

And in that moment's contact Edith felt that they had renewed in a measure the relation of two years ago than at any time since, and was glad of the circumstancing, about a week before this date.

Somehow their thoughts drifted back to those bygone days, and, instead of having any more of Cousin Berta, Edith began to remind Oliver of the long-forgotten incident of their previous acquaintance.

And as they talked over the many reminiscences of old times, until the gong sounded for dinner, and everybody about the grounds came from their retirement, and sauntered toward the hotel.

Edith had not thought so much in love with Oliver Blount as such girls ever are who say once and then decline.

In other words, she had known that he was the only man she cared for, and would have been quite willing to marry him, and she quite intended that he should be desperately in love with her before many weeks had passed.

But catching in the shape of a telegram from a dying father, had called him away, and Edith, in the hurry and worry of other (at least Edith preferred to think so) he had left without a word, and Edith had loved her before he had gone away.

"All that shall be amended," said she, confidently, to herself. "But, why does he mean by noticing Berta so much? Of course, he knows that she is engaged to her—actually as if he admired her, too! Why, he harangued me about her being engaged—what nonsense! Some one must have started such a report, and how stupid of me to be contradicted it! Never mind, I can soon make every one in the place believe that Berta is not engaged. I'll say so much to herself, and that little ring she wears on her finger will be discarded very soon after all. And what a joke it will be if it really turns out that Berta is engaged!"

"There, Carmen, that will do!" concluded Miss Ranken, aloud, as she slipped away from the fingers of her maid, who was putting up a great bunch of roses, pinned them in her belt as she dressed her hair, and presently entered the dining room redolent of beauty and perfume.

But Oliver Blount did not so much as raise his eyes at her entrance, and Edith felt that this was a most unkind, and shy, sensitive face of her cousin, seated opposite.

And to her intense chagrin, she was conscious of a peculiar expression on Berta's countenance—a something she could not define—but which, nevertheless, she intuitively felt vaguely, indicated that they were not strangers, as she had supposed.

Was it possible that they have known each other? Where could she have met him? But his manner, as she had supposed, did not know him. She must have spoken of it to Berta, and yet she had never heard her cousin me speak of him; and if she has known him all this time, and not spoken of it, there's some mystery, some secret between them. Oh, the sly creature! Commend me to these girls who are quiet for deceit!

Whatever else Miss Ranken was, she certainly was not deficient in tact, for she began in asking her cousin plainly in regard to her acquaintance with Oliver Blount.

"Berta, you never mentioned that you had met Oliver," she said, the first moment he found herself alone with her cousin.

"I don't know that I have, Edith," returned Berta.

And a bright pink, that Edith saw was very becoming, flushed up in the girl's clear, brown cheek.

"Of course you didn't—as often as you've heard me speak of him. How any one can be so deceitful!"

"Edith!" exclaimed Berta, with evident pain. "I never thought of deceiving you or any one. How could I think it would interest you to know that I had met Mr. Blount?"

She could not have told her cousin that even to speak that name was a liberty she seldom allowed herself and then only in the sacred silence of her own thoughts.

"Well, tell me all about it, now," exclaimed Miss Ranken, impatiently; "Where did you meet him?"

"Last summer, when I was traveling with Mrs. Marston. She is a distant cousin of my aunt and of my children in real affair him——"

"Dear me—how touching," thought Edith, while Berta continued, unsuspecting her cousin's disagreeable thoughts.

"It was in Switzerland that Mr. Blount joined our party, and as I had the whole care of the children, sometimes he accompanied us when we went on excursions. I don't think Mrs. Marston had any idea how dangerous it was, or else she never would have allowed me to take the children. One day there was a snowslide and I chanced to become aware of it before any one else. The children were safe, but Mr. Blount was directly in the way of it, and I managed to push him out of the path just as the immense mountain of snow came thundering down. It carried me almost alongside of crevasse. Another moment and it would have carried him and carried him down along with it."

"Good gracious! How romantic!" exclaimed Edith. "You saved his life, then?"

"He chose to think so," said Berta, coldly. "I don't know whether I did or not. I had been there it would have been the same thing."

She turned away and presently left the room, and Edith was very plainly that she would not be encouraged further on the subject.

"She is in love with him and doesn't know it," thought the more experienced girl. "And he—why, nobody one says pity' is akin to love, and already she has the enormous claim upon his attention of having saved his life. But gratitude isn't love, and I don't believe a man likes to feel that his existence is a debt to his wife. Any way, I must devise some means of keeping them apart."

"To think you should have been right about Berta's being engaged," said Edith, the same evening to Oliver Blount.

They were on the veranda, and the shadows that were made the dusk of twilight so deep that Blount's sudden start was not noticed by his companion. Had the light been less dim, she might even have noticed a slight pallor of his handsome countenance, as he said—

"Is she really engaged, then? I'm sure I think I remember she knew her slightly last year when I was abroad, and I think I remember hearing of it. Well, I'm happy man—if it is not an indiscreet question."

"Ah, I can't tell you that just yet. She hasn't given me her entire confidence; but I suppose we have been her likes it again and again, as if it contained the name of the one who had written that is carved on the stone. Such a curious ring it is."

Oliver's own heart gave a sudden bound as he listened.

"Then it is to the giver of the ring that she is engaged?" he asked.

"Certainly. Whom else? She wears it on her engagement finger; and no other gentleman has given her a ring since Berta's kiss, unless she was crazy in love with the giver of it."

Oliver made no remark; but Edith did not doubt that she had produced the right effect. She had given Berta a lesson that she would have been tolerably mystified if she had known that not what this effect was. To her amazement the revelation she had made to him had not the effect she anticipated. She neglected all opportunity of devoting himself to the fair Edith and remained in the shadow of Berta's shy, brown Berta.

Edith must be going crazy. I believe the sly creature has bewitched him," thought Edith, almost in despair, as she watched the two walking along beside Berta one day, his head bent low to catch the words that passed between them, apparently that they were evidently unaware of any other existence than that but their own.

Her gaze followed him till they disappeared within an arbor all overgrown with honeysuckles and clematis, entirely unattached with jealousy, overcame all other feelings, and Edith flew toward the arbor, and, hidden by the wild growth of vines, listened to the voices within.

"You wear my ring, Berta, dear," Oliver was saying, "and you promised to wear it forever as a token of my gratitude. You would not let me say love, darling, and promise to wear another ring—a plain gold one—as a token of my heart's devotion to the only woman I can ever love."

"Oh, Mr. Blount—Oliver," faltered Berta, and she tried to turn away from the encircling arm. "How can you care for me? Edith thinks——"

Edith's cheeks began to flame with rage and mortification. She felt a disposition to strangle her cousin before she could say anything further, and she had to bite her lips to keep from crying out.

"Edith thinks—what does she know better than that; besides," added Oliver, seizing Berta's hand, and kissing it, "but for her I would never have dared to tell you the secret of my heart; it was Edith herself who told me that I must not let slip from me this little ring of mine in such a way that she knew you were engaged."

An exclamation she could not repress burst from Edith's pale lips.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" she muttered, "I actually have played the girl's game for her."

But the lovers were too much occupied to hear any voice just then except their own low murmurings; and Miss Ranken, with a sudden feeling that she had heard enough, glided away from the overhanging vines, and hastened back to the hotel.

Bitter, almost unendurable, was her humiliation; but she was sufficiently a woman of the world to hide it from all eyes. And her voice was loudest of all in hearty congratulations when, in the course of a few days, the announcement was formally made of Berta's engagement.

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism.

No Pay Until You Know It.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible, but I cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

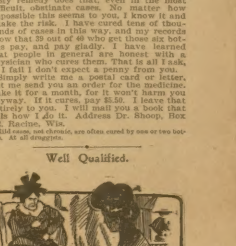
I ask no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and if it does what I claim pay your druggist $5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no drugs. I rely on Nature to help them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My records show that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases, No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I will not mail you a book that tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 207, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Well Qualified.



Mrs. Towne—Can you keep the house properly warmed without my supervision? Hridget Cook—Well, I managed to do the last place I kept everybody just hot all the time.

The New Boy.

"Here! What are you doing?"

"You—you told me to dust every single thing in the store, an' de cook he said you was single, and you expected de new kid to dust you."

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cures a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The Lady Whip.

"Some people have called me a 'plug,' remarked the patient horse, "but just now I guess I'm a nail."

"A nail?" exclaimed the dog running along under the carriage.

"Yes; this woman doesn't seem able to drive me straight."

Appropriate.

Smythe—How eager every one was to see the bridal party at the wedding last night, Bjones—Yes; there were even a lot of rubber plants among the decorations.

Simple

She—It's easy to win a woman's love, just give her all the money she wants. He—Great Scott! You don't call that easy, do you?

Saved From Pitiful Sin.

A Chain of Crime and a Chain of Golden Hair--Bonds of Steel and Links of Love.

By DR. DIXON DOUBLEDAY,

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 1, Jan. 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from any agent, or local agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

THE SIX-POINTED SILVER STAR.

"To save my life," murmured Jules Dekay, as Dorah, with a face as white as marble and eyes out of which all light of happiness had gone, turned away and went out of the room. "She does it to save my life, and I'm afraid it's worse than taking her own, poor girl! God help me, if I have come to this—if I must take away the only darling's happiness—for she is more to me than daughter—as I have to some others. God pity—God help her, and lighten the terrible burden she has taken up for my sake."

Jules Dekay's was not one of those coarse, unfeeling natures that would commit crime without experiencing any remorse. He was not criminal by nature and attributes, but he was weak and easily influenced by those mentally stronger than himself, and this rendered him correspondingly morally impotent.

He had been led to link his fortunes with those of Tom Gary and Harney Barmore, through a hope of speedily and easily gaining fortune; and this hope had dazzled and blinded him morally and mentally, and carried him far from his never very far-seeing gaze the terrible risk that he was running.

For a while he sat with head bowed on his hands, silent and gloomy, and his mind was filled with thoughts of the past and of the present, while fears and hopes jostled each other, each in turn predominating, and plunging him momentarily in the lower depths of despair, or raising him to heights of dazzling anticipation.

"This is no time for such weakness," he said, at last, arousing himself with an effort. "I must work. The sooner we get this new issue into circulation, the better. There's danger ahead. Mainstone, the Man-Hunter, didn't come here for nothing."

Arising, he took two or three pens and a small inkstand from a little shelf and set them on the table. Then, taking the roll off the chair, over which he had thrown it on entering, he drew the bundle from the inside pocket and taking off the piece of coarse paper which he had wrapped around it, laid down by the writing materials on the table, two hundred crisp, rustling counterfeit bills.

Then going to each of the windows in turn, he dropped the curtains stretched them down at the bottom to make sure that there was no speck of light.

"There," he said to himself as he crossed the room and sat down by the table, in such a way that his back was turned to the windows, which were placed one on either side of the door. "I'm all alone now—no one to see me, and with no chance for anyone to see, if there's anyone here."

But he was mistaken. The curtains were of stiff paper, and one of these, which had been tightly rolled for a week, curled up at the bottom, leaving a space about two inches wide.

Scarcely had he begun the work, signing and numbering the notes and stacking them up neatly on the table, before a pair of eyes were visible at the place made by the bottom of the curtain. They glowed like black and piercing, and they glowed in the shade of the door. "I'm all alone now" was the comfort that side of the room, like twin coals of fire.

After a moment the blazing eyes were withdrawn and a head appeared in the place which tapped two or three times on the window, but in the midst of the tapping—

Jules Dekay heard this tapping and starting up quickly from his work, he glanced uneasily around. But he saw nothing.

"Pshaw," he muttered. "I'm as nervous as a woman. It is nothing of importance; but it sounded like some one tapping gently on the window, but it is nothing. The night flee when no man pursueth," he finished, turning again to his work of numbering the counterfeit notes.

Soon the black, gleaming eyes flashed another sudden glance through the window.

Then they vanished again, and in a minute Jules Dekay heard the noise repeated louder than before.

Rising from his seat at the table he faced round toward the window. He saw a glance that the curtain was partially raised and the thought entered his mind at once that perhaps he was being watched, and while he stood revolving this fear and keeping his gaze fixed on the little space below the curtain, he saw the eyes for the first time as they looked for the third time into the room.

For a moment they stared into his steadily and keenly, then the hand appeared beside them and beckoned to him, and this time it fingers clasped something that Dekay recognized the instant he beheld it glancing in the moonlight.

"It's the six-pointed silver star," thought Dekay, "and the eyes are those of Lunita, the squaw. She wants to speak to me, though what could have brought her here at this late hour I can't guess. It must be she scents danger. She's as keen as a fox and no one else could serve us as well as she. Yes; it is the sign of the star."

The Indian woman, Lunita, was a trusty agent of the counterfeiters, and she was of valuable service in conveying their counterfeit money from their hands to those of their allies in one or two of the large settlements not many miles away, who went about from place to place throughout that section, disposing of it to retailers and traders and getting it in circulation.

Each person connected with the gang carried a duplicate in the form of a silver star to be used at any time when one member of the band, failed to recognize another, or as a sign that one member wished particularly to confer with another, and when Jules Dekay saw this secret token, he knew instantly that Lunita wanted to see him, and that for some reason or other, it was a matter of no common importance that had brought her to his door at that late hour of the night.

"If I am not mistaking that it was Lunita instead of some one else that saw the peekhole under the curtain," thought Dekay to himself as he went toward the door. "I'd rather see her eyes there at any time than behind those black, glossy locks of hers this very day, I believe."

Scarcely was he outside before Lunita stood before him. She was an Indian woman, apparently middle-aged, and her face was of that copper hue that characterizes her race, and her long, straight black hair hung negligently about her angular and bony face. Her garb was half slouchy, half picturesque.

"My white brother is in danger," said the squaw, her beady black eyes winking like twin stars. "The great man-hunter is on his trail. Lunita will help him. He was here by this cabin. When Lunita was sick you gave her shelter and food and care and money. You are not like Barmore and Gary. They cheat my white brother when they take the money. Lunita knows far and has seen, and they lie to Lunita."

Dekay looked disgustedly. What he had heard was not exactly news to him, but it made his danger stronger to break with Tom Gary and Harney Barmore.

"Does the man-hunter suspect me?" he asked, anxiously.

"I don't know," answered the squaw. "But he is going to-night to get that make the money. He left reward paper here today. He writes me bite give it her white brother's child. There is a reward paper on many trees along the road. Mainstone will be on the trail of the money. Now you know that Lunita has warned her white brother. Let him look out."

And without another word she turned away.

CHAPTER XI.

SWEETWILLIAM MONTROSE JONATHAN TUBBS.

"There's your man," said Taine, coolly, as Barmore fell, turning and confronting Tom Gary with a leveled revolver. "There's your choice, Gary. Do you want any more?"

Gary held a revolver, also, but, with the muzzle of Taine's weapon in his face, he made no attempt to use it.

"You treacherous devil!" yelled the infuriated man, "I'm going to kill you. Do you hear me? I'm going to kill you."

Like all great villains, Gary was a great coward.

Throwing up his hands in an attitude of most abject terror, he begged for his life.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot!" he quavered. "Taine, don't pull the trigger, but kept the revolver aimed at his face.

His dark, scowling face told how deep was the passion that had been roused in his breast by the treachery of the counterfeiter.

"You deserve death, you cowardly hound! You murdered the innocent stranger. You would have killed me!" he said, coolly. "It makes me nervous to think of it. I can feel my fingers itching for pulling the hair of my forefinger; I don't believe I can keep it from bearing on the trigger."

Gary was trembling in every joint—his face ghastly pale—his eyes staring from sheer fright.

"Don't shoot!" he said, again; "don't shoot!"

Taine laughed, despite his fierce, vengeful anger—he could not help it—that derisive, chuckling laugh of his, which, had Gary been anything but the abject, terrified cow-

ard he was, would have exasperated him beyond control.

"You poor, miserable cur," he said between his fits of laughing. "You're too timid for life in this world. It's a hard road to travel to such as you. Let me put you out of your misery, or I'll be sorry I saved you. See, if we look at the matter in the right light, you can think I'll do it just to save you from dying on the gallows—so say your prayers and prepare to cheat the Vigilantes."

The counterfeiter dropped down on his knees and clasping his hands kept on whining piteously as the hand of Taine kept the deadly weapon-point pointed at his head.

"Don't shoot—don't! Spare me!"

Taine laughed again and was about to speak, when he was startled by the sudden and unexpected sound of a drawling, nasal voice at the door.

He plants like a despirit lovyer, I'll be sworn! The ungrateful critter acts for all the world as how he didn't 'preciate yer good intentions, stranger. He don't deserve yer compassion by no means. Better let the Vigilantes settle his hash, I would, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't."

Turning his head, Taine beheld the lank figure of the gawk standing in the doorway, arms akimbo.

It was evident that the man had been an unobserved spectator of what was going on there for several minutes before he had spoken, but now he stood gravely and, with dignified tread, approached the counterfeiter's side.

"Evenin', stranger," he said, when he saw that Taine was looking at him.

Taine nodded in reply to the fellow's salutation; then he seized the trembling Gary's left wrist, and in a brief struggle that Gary's face was upturned to his own, looking down into the latter's eyes, and he knew could see but dimly in that gloomy light, and after a moment looked again.

"Who are you?" Taine asked the countryman, curtly.

"Mr. Tubbs," the man replied, quickly.

Taine twined his fingers in Gary's hair, and with a quick movement pulled his head back.

Again the counterfeiter plead for his life, but Taine, without answering, pulled him to him, impatiently. "Shut up and take things like a man, if it is that you are out of danger before the Vigilantes come."

"What do you say your name is?" Taine asked, addressing the countryman.

"Tubbs."

"Both tubs or butter tubs?"

"Mister Tubbs," repeated the man, "that's my name—Mister Tubbs for common."

"Jonathan Tubbs for common?" said Taine, with a dry laugh. "What is it for uncommon?"

"Oh, my full name," he said, jerking one hand up and down with a motion suggestive of a dancing jack. "It's too long to spend time on it when you're in a row."

Then he jerked the other hand out of another pocket.

"It's Sweetwilliam—Montrose—Jonathan —Tubbs, in full," he went on, filling up the pauses with a chuckle. The forefinger of his right hand down into the palm of his left, as he continued, counting them off. "It's very seldom that I use the hull of it—fact, I never do but once; then I signed a note with a feller, and I was sure I was done. I cussed long name of mine had crowded his out of the paper. Sold—but I allers thought there was some kind of a trick about it. Never had no luck since in business with me, and it cost me seventy-five dollars, I'll be sworn! And I'll never have that name used on me, no more, in no marriage certificate, or on my tombstone—I'll be sworn!"

"Well, Mr. Tubbs," said Taine, laughing at the odd, quaint manner, "have you got a match?"

"Yes," he fumbled in his pockets, he drawled out with exasperating slowness—"yes—I guess likely—yes, I'll be sworn!"

"All right. There's a piece of candle sticking out of the fence. I wish you would find it and light it."

"I answered Jonathan, with ready assent.

Stepping inside, the first move he made was a stumble over the body of Barmore, and he came sprawling down by Taine's side.

"Jewhickaw! Hurt my shins!" he said, rubbing the injured part; to be scrambled to his feet. "Feels like a log. Here's the candle and to get it burning was but the work of a minute.

"See if that man's dead," Taine went on, pointing to the prostrate form of Harney Barmore.

Tubbs knelt at Barmore's side and flashed the light in his face.

"He's awful white and awful bloody," he said.

"Is he dead?" asked Taine.

"I'll see. Let me see," said the other, unbuttoning his shirt at the neck. "Tell you in a minute."

In a moment he had laid his hand over Barmore's heart.

"It beats—he's alive," he said.

"All right," said Kingsley Taine, coolly. "Now, bring that light here. I want to look at the counterfeiter's face."

"He's white as a corpse, I'll be squantiped," said the countryman Jonathan, as the rays of the candle fell on Gary's face. "I hope you're resigned."

Then he jammed the muzzle of the revolver into Gary's temple with a force that left a red mark.

"How that finger of mine does perk and twitch," he said, with a sigh—"be a fitt'n accident soon if I can't get better control of my nerves."

"Spare me!" whined Gary.

Taine appeared not to have heard his supplication, but turning his face toward the countryman, said carelessly:

"See, Mr. Tubbs. Observe how that finger jerks."

"Does yer weepin' go off easy?" asked Jonathan.

"Hair twigger," said Taine, laconically.

"Then this feller's life 's in danger," rejoined Mr. Tubbs. "Yer losin' all control of that 'ere finger. Twitches awful—ain't quite a minit."

"Take your revolver away," pleaded Gary. "It might go off any minute, and I want to talk with you. Turn it one side a little and I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Do you want to live pretty bad?" asked Taine.

He had dropped the muzzle of the revolver a little and held it pointed at Gary's breast now, and the quaking rascal thought he saw a ray of hope, although it was very faint, he felt his spirits rising quite perceptibly.

"Yes—I do."

"How bad?" interrupted Taine.

"How—bad?" repeating the words slowly. "I can't tell."

"How many dollars' worth, I mean?"

"Two thousand," he said, quickly.

"Yes; that sounds like the amount that you promised me for keeping from the Vigilantes what I know about you. Am I to get it all?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER XII.

A WHITE FACE AT A WINDOW.

"By the big bear beyond!" exclaimed Tubbs. "That feller 'mads me made of money. Vallerable life, hirn."

"Never mind, Mr. Tubbs," said Taine, shortly. "This is our bargain. Get up on your feet, you contemptible cur," he added, giving Gary a vigorous kick in the ribs that caused the fellow a colossal groan, "and count that money out lively. I can't stay here all night."

"Come inside," answered the counterfeiter, as he staggered up, "and you shall have it."

"Come along," said Taine, roughly to the gawk. "I want to see he's got in there."

"Dang it," the farmer exclaimed, as his eyes fell on the piles of counterfeit money in a heap on the table. "More'n a million dollars, I'll be sworn."

"Count it, and don't anywhere near that amount," answered Taine, "and what you have in counterfeit. Don't get excited about trifles, sit down there and look at it while we finish this little business of ours."

Gary sank down in the chair by the table, then dropped into a chair beside it, doubled his head up like a wounded animal, and surveyed the piles of new, crisp notes before him, his eyes wide open with wonder.

"If I buy your silence, Jonathan Tubbs," said Taine, with a dry laugh, "I shall have that within twenty-four hours after I get out of here worth anything he's seen and heard tonight?" he asked, addressing the last portentous motion toward Jonathan Tubbs.

But Jonathan was neither blind nor deaf, and he was very far from being a fool, for when he heard these words he was very much offended.

Straightening himself up all at once, he swung out of his long legs and stood and confronted the counterfeiter. Laying a heavy hand on each of Gary's shoulders and thrusting his sweetwilliam head into Gary's face, he drawled out in a voice that fairly trembled with indignation and scorn:

"I say, mister, did ye call me—me, Jonathan Tubbs, a fool? Did ye? Did ye now?"

Gary did not reply at first. The act was so sudden and so unexpected that it startled him, and he made an effort to wrench himself free from the farmer's hold, but without success.

"I say," Tubbs went on, yelling, raising his voice and his hand at the same time, "did ye? Did ye now? 'Cause if ye did I'm goin' to put an old-fashioned Missouri backwoods lickin' on ye. Golding's the boy."

It was not without a powerful push that Taine succeeded in getting the farmer's lanky form was more wiry than he would have thought.

"You sit down, Tubbs," he commanded, "and I'll see that Gary don't saw you any more. I'll settle with him for you, as the latter's question of a moment before, he added, "I'll give you some way to deal with Tubbs quiet, and I pledge you my word that you have not fear anything from him. I guess I can silence him."

With a dissatisfied grunt, Gary took a small valise bag from a heavy iron-made chest standing in a corner of the room, and then began to count out strong notes which it was tied, set it on the table and commenced counting the quantity of coin out with his hands and jingling it down beside the bag on the table. Soon he drew out a package of bills, which he unwrapped and from which he built a pleasing little pyramid in front of him.

"Genuine—genuine," repeated Taine, examining the bills one after the other in his right hand. Tom. Business is business, you second money, every cent. Can't fool Kingley Taine when he's had his fingers on too many of them—lost and made more than this in the same time, stung once by a counterfeit—no fault to find. Shake hands with me, and we'll consider it a bargain. Wait a minute—let me put up these bills."

He rolled them up carefully and put them in the valise, which he locked. Then he grasped the hand which Gary outstretched to him, and they had grace, and wrung it until Tom almost cried out with pain.

"Now," he said, rapidly and quite pointedly. "Everything is even—all fair and square—goose hangs high—straight line. Now you go your way and I go mine. Then his manner changed and he said, sternly, "Gary, I've had with you and your accomplices! It's all right now, but if there is any more of your treacherous treachery remember you will be a dead man as soon as I can kill you. Do you understand? Recollect you've had to do with Kingsley Taine and that Harney Barmore mum about what's occurred here tonight. If we ever have arrangements I can make with Mr. Tubbs, here. I reckon it can be made quiet. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid of that lantern-jawed prairie plower. Such fellows have tongues like clappers; they tell all they know and a great deal more."

"I told you I'd tend to him," said Taine, half angrily. "Kingley Taine never goes back on a promise."

Jonathan was on his feet again and edging slowly around toward the counterfeiter, his fist clenched, his face livid with rage.

"I'll tend to him," he drawled. "I say! What do you mean by your duns like the

farmers? Do yew want me to light on yew? If yew do, yew can be accommodated. I've licked all kinds of cusses, from old Napoleon, Arkansaw, clear to St. Joe."

Paine silenced him with a quick gesture of impatience.

"Never mind him, Mr. Tubbs," he said. "He has 'n in a good humor tonight. Come with me. I want to talk with you."

Tubbs followed Paine sullenly, throwing an ugly glance at Gary as he shouldered his old shotgun.

As he went out his eye for the first time fell on the recumbent form of old Electa Wink, whom he had not before noticed and who had not yet awakened from her drunken sleep.

"Crackey! What female's that?" he asked, with a start.

"Never mind now," said Paine, shortly, feeling in his bosom for the locket that held the pictured face of Madge Montour. "Come."

As they passed round the corner of the old inn they were startled by a loud cry, like a woman's voice, that seemed to come from overhead, and glacing up they beheld a white, corpse-like face with wild, terrible eyes staring at them out of one of the chamber windows.

It was a face the sight of which made both men shudder.

"A mystery!" whispered Paine, "another mystery."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GAMBLER AND THE GAWK.

"Look there!" said Paine, pointing to the ghastly face that stared at them out of one of the second story windows at the north end of the old tavern. "Look there, Jonathan! What is it?"

"It's a woman, I reckon," said Tubbs, with a shudder, "but what an awful scream!"

At the instant that wild unearthly cry rang in his ears, Paine thought of the stories he had heard but had never credited, about the spirit that was said to have been seen at midnight by Rackensack to this here heathen land inhabited by counterfeiters and thieves and gents and so on jest to fall into their clutches at last. I'll be sworn! Dang it! Where's it gone to'oo eternal nowhere?"

The phantom-face had vanished.

For two whole minutes the two men stood staring at the place where it had been.

Then Paine said suddenly, laying his hand on the farmer's arm:

"Come on, come away from here. I want to talk with you, and I don't want to see that face again—it's too ghastly."

"Neither do I—you bet!"

Jonathan swung his old shotgun across his shoulder and followed Paine away from the backwoods tavern, past the old pine stub that had covered him a while before, and out along the road in the direction of the place where the gambler had that night awaited the approach of Judge Dekay.

"What are we goin'?" asked Tubbs.

"Never mind—come on; it all right."

They walked silently along the rough country road.

But the mind of each was busy—that of Jonathan filled with the startling scenes through which he had just passed, that of Taine thronging with pictures of a time that was never to return—vivid, living pictures of faces that had been lost to his sight for years and years, the most striking of all was the beautiful face of Madge Montour. He walked ahead of the farmer and, unobserved by him, drew the locket from his bosom and looked long and earnestly at his fair, pictured features as he closed.

"It is Madge," he whispered, almost under his breath. "I thought it was all over now—that I had forgotten; but 'tis not so. Tonight things have transpired to bring the past—that I had called dead—back to me, and it seems to me that I can see Madge Montour standing before me now just as I saw her on that night more than seventeen years ago."

"What ye re muttern' about?" asked Tubbs.

Taine did not reply.

"I seem to see that same look of pain—that expression of terrible heart-wrung agony that was on the face of Madge when I told her that she was not my wife, and seem to hear the same words she spoke then. Then you have ruined my life, Kingsley Taine. God forgive you—I cannot. Then, hugging to her bosom her baby—here and mine—she ran swiftly out into the awful winter night. I went to the door and called her to come back, but my voice was drowned by the fierce roar of the wind and the crash of the driving storm. I never saw her again.

He looked round to see if Jonathan was still near.

"How did old Electa Wink obtain possession of this locket? he asked himself. "It is the one that Madge hung by this slender cord, wrought out by her own hands of her own golden hair, around the baby's neck less than a week before she left me! I will see the hag before another night and wring her secret from her. She knows where Madge Montour is, and she shall tell me—or die!"

As these words left his lips in an almost inaudible hiss, the expression of stern resolve on his face told how intensely in earnest he was; and he carried the same fierce look on his countenance when he paused on the brink of the ravine near the boulder behind which he had late concealed awhile before, and turning suddenly, confronted Jonathan.

"I've brought you here to make some kind of an arrangement with you about what you have seen tonight," he said.

Jonathan leaned on the barrel of his shotgun and eyed him askance a minute or two and then he said:

"Yew want me tew keep my mouth shet about them counterfeiters, I cale-late."

"That's it," answered Taine.

There was a sharp twinkle in the gawk's big blue eyes as he replied:

"I kin git a cool five hundred for doin' t'other thing, ye know."

"I know, and I'll give you just as much to clear out and tell no tales."

"I cale-late 'twer big enough," said Tubbs, with a smile. "Sixty ain't right pleasant, yew know, tew be brought up in civilized kentry. Didn't intend tew remain in this section; but 'twer happened here 'ta-night an' hearin' an awful racket in the old house went in tew see what was goin' on—an' that's how I came tew hear 'bout the counterfeiters."

He did not deem it wise to inform Taine that he had secreted himself in the old pine stub for the express purpose of listening to his conversation with Tom Gary. Weary, he had laid down to sleep in a thicker not far away and had been awakened by their voices as they had neared the stub; and when they had passed he had crept stealthily toward them, keeping the stub between them and himself, and finally he had crawled into the opening in the side of it.

"I come to the settlement below with some emigrants that ain't goin' any further, and I want to git a deed in a hurry on. Come all the way from Rackensack, yew see, to speculate out here. Sold my place nigh to Pine Bluff for a nice lettle sum, and with it, stranger, I expect to make my independent fortin'—blame me, if I don't!"

"My white brother is in danger!"

"Six hundred!" he exclaimed. "Why, man, I hadn't intended to pay you more than five hundred—that's as much as you'd get by telling the Vigil-antes, and I suppose you're willing to do me a good turn."

"Couldn't think of it a minit," said Tubbs, emphatically. "I don't 'ye friendship interfere with business, and besides I've got to be paid for the risk I take—o' bein' grabbed up as an accomplice, accessory and so forth, don't 'ye know?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A BRACE GAME AND A GAME OF DEATH.

At first Taine did not reply to the demand of Jonathan Tubbs.

"Let's think it over awhile," he said, when at length he broke his contemplative silence. He sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree close by and then went on, slowly:

"I'm tired and so are you. If you've walked from the settlement today, for it's a good thirty miles if it's a rod. Sit down and rest your self, and I will likely come to a understanding after awhile; I don't believe we're going to disagree about a trifle like a hundred dollars—and it would not make or break either of us."

"Kind of a skittish place," Tubbs said, as he leaned his old shotgun against the tree trunk on which Taine sat and, resting his hands beside it, peered half timidly over it into the black depths of the ravine below. "Purty close tew that gully, but I reckon we want fall off the log into it if we preserve our equilibrium by keepin' the middle o' our gravity over the base o' op-

The gambler smiled, too, at Jonathan's complacency.

The crank dealt the cards and the game began.

"You've beaten me," said Taine, five minutes later, smiling again, this time at the look of triumph on Jonathan's face. "But it's my deal now," he added, "and I'm going to show you a trick worthy of Hoyt's. Say, Tubbs, I believe I can wax you."

"Don't want a hand, stranger, dew ye, with a trifle of the root o' all evil, as the parson used to call the ready dough?" asked the countryman. "It'll make it livelier and more interestin' like."

Taine looked at Tubbs, and had the latter been half as deeply interested in watching his opponent's face as he was in watching the cards, he would have seen that its expression betokened keen satisfaction at the turn affairs were taking.

"How much dare you venture?" the gambler asked, as he stopped shuffling the cards.

"Well, I never play for less than five dollars."

"You have been there before, I judge," cried Taine, reaching over and giving Tubbs a commendatory tap on the shoulder, while he drew out a roll of dollar bill and laid it down.

"Thank your paper."

Unstrapping his old pocketbook, a bulging sheepskin affair, the farmer staked his money and the game went on.

Tubbs won.

"You're a brick," said Taine. "Double the stakes."

Each laid down ten dollars.

"I've beate you again, I'll be sworn," yelled Jonathan, before the end of the game. "So you have," said Taine, apparently considerably chagrined at Jonathan's success. "Do you want to play any more?"

"Of course. Ye see, I'm always willin' tew give a man enough rope, and maybe you'll git it back, ye see, luck may turn so.

"All right; here's the stakes; drive ahead," said Taine. "I hope I'll be able before long you'll have me discouraged."

A few minutes passed; another game was played.

"By hokey!" Jonathan almost yelled, "I have won again!"

For a time Taine sat silent, watching Tubbs much as a cat watches a mouse that it has caught and is playing with until it may be ready to devour it. But with an apparent sudden determination that seemed almost despairful, he laid all the money he had left on the log.

"There," he said, with a curse. "I'm going to try my luck once more."

"Right," cried the crank, approvingly. "Say, man, that's the grit."

"Thank you," said Taine. "Either you're lucky tonight or you're a mighty good card player. Now, it's one game to win or lose, that is, if you mean to stay with me. It wouldn't be fair to you, either, to give me a chance to win back what I've lost."

"That's the worm," cried Tubbs, the farmer, giving the pack two or three quick turns with his left hand, "and the game is my motto and I'm goin' tew dew the fair thing by yew; better not ventur' yer bull roll, though. Let's keep the doubles," as he we did before.

Taine nodded and the play went on—game after game—Tubbs winning each time and becoming almost mad with his success, while to all appearances Taine was insanely desperate. Tubbs watched him count what money he had left and wondered if he was crazy enough to stake it all.

"I'm going to try my luck once more," said Taine, "if we double the bet this time. You're even handed to a dollar. Whoever wins, wins all; whoever loses, loses all. If you beat me, I'm flat broke; if I beat you, you're busted."

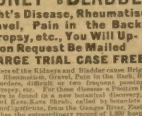
Tubbs stared at Taine.

"It's pesky risky," he said, musingly. "If I lose my wad, what'll become of my speckilation?"

(Continued on page fourteen.)

NEW CURE FOR
KIDNEY and BLADDER
Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc., You Will Upon Request Be Mailed
A LARGE TRIAL CASE FREE.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing of water, Dropsy, etc. But these diseases of Modern Life Cure is found in a new botanical discovery the wonderful Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It stands the highest for its remarkable cures in the most distressing cases. Fast life and the extraordinary record of 1,300 hospital



Miss Viola Benning, Crawfordsville, Ind.

cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by drainage of the blood on the Kidneys, Liver, Intestines, etc., which cause disease.

Mrs. Viola Benning, Crawfordsville, Ind., says: "I was cured of Bright's Disease of Kidneys by Swamp-Root. Physicians failed and had given up all hope of recovery. My husband and friends, Rev. Mr. Hughes, also wrote. Was a sufferer of Kidney and Bladder trouble, which caused me great misery. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has certainly every few minutes; physicians told him his kidneys were affected. Swamp-Root cured him. Home Treatment Free. Mr. writes: I was cured of Rheumatism, which one or seven as to cause him to use crutches. Swamp-Root is a wonderful remedy and can be produced if desired. Many ladies including Miss Viola Benning, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Hinsdorf, Mrs. Hinsdorf, South Deerfield, Mass., also testify as to its wonderful curative powers in the diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Rheumatism.

You may be the judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself and will send you a Large Trial Case by mail Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. If in a hurry Specific and can not fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 402 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
29 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year; 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE
ADVERTISING.
Advertising rate $1.00 per agate line, per insertion, for Advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade combined.

500,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.
Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by subscribers, and we will cheerfully give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is entitled to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they live, and provided with a card of the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for any person who will expose and cause the conviction of any one working from house to house in the name of the Ledger, or receiving money, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Some women are so addicted to the habit of not feeling well that they wouldn't feel well if they felt otherwise.

If a man doesn't look frightened when his wife informs him that he talks in his sleep she can trust him implicitly.

It matters not how graceful a girl may be, she simply can't enact the part while trying to climb out of a hammock.

A woman may be a friend to a man she has never loved, but she will always be an enemy of the man she has loved in vain.

Many a young man imagines that a girl takes an interest in his welfare, when in reality she is interested only in his farewell.

No one had his pocket picked at the president's New Year's reception, though all of it in a Chicago steam-heated flat during the next cold snap.

French experts have figured out that the Panama canal is worth $150,000,000 and the owners are offering it to us for $40,000,000, but we may be just considerate enough to allow them to make $110,000,000 by keeping it.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who owns the Waldorf hotel and fifty or sixty million dollars' worth of other houses and lots on Manhattan Island, is a naturalized Englishman. He has presented $50,000 to an English rifle association. This $50,000, which comes out of New York hotels, tenement houses and so on, will be used to improve the British army—which needs improving badly, by the way.

If there should be a war between England and the United States, Mr. Astor's money would contribute its little mite to helping the British side of the fight.

Mr. Astor's income from America amounts to at least $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 a year. All of this is spent abroad. It does not pay any income tax in this country.

The American navy is kept up to protect the big cities on the coast from bombardment.

The man out in Missouri who drinks a glass of beer or smokes a pipe of tobacco pays something in the way of taxes toward the United States navy.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor pays not one cent to the United States navy.

The National government, which protects him at great expense, receives not one cent from him in return for what it does. He does not even buy his clothes or his tobacco over here, and pays no internal revenue tax.

Nothing could reach him but a good stiff tax on his income.

Would it not seem reasonable to at least make him pay such a tax!

Berenice, The Beautiful.

The Tragedy of a Luckless Marriage --- Love That Seemed Too Late---Out of the Depths.

By JEANNE STODDERT.
(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 51, Dec. 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"You are just like a beautiful angel," said Molly, as she looked at Berenice, wondering-ly. "I'm afraid you won't look real. But I wont bother any more since you say I cannot."

As Berenice turned to leave the room she said:

"If you want anything just ring this bell. I will send Theresa up with a little lunch. I'm sure the cook can send something."

"Well, I might drink a glass of milk, if you please, but I can go and get it. I will tell me where it is. Guess I had better wash my face and hands first, though, after traveling. The smoke came in at the window so, but I couldn't have it down. I didn't want to miss seeing anything. Ain't St. Paul the biggest, noisiest place? It's just like Chicago. I had to change cars there and while I was sitting in the waiting room eating my breakfast, a nigger came looking man come up and asked me if I would not have a cup of coffee or something, that he would like to eat a restaurant if I did. And I said, 'No, thank you, I don't like hot things for breakfast.' If 'twas winter I would. Then he sat down by me and wanted to know my riding fare and if I was alone, and how old I was, and oh, he asked so many questions I got on tort money. I say, clear out! You can't stay around here."

She sprang to the young girl's eyes. "I don't know where to go. Mrs. McAfee said I wasn't to come back there, that you was rich and would take care of me." Then dashing the tears from her eyes, she looked at him, appealingly, and said:

"Why, daddy, I know you, you look just the same. Don't you remember mother's picture?" she persisted, extending the open locket. "See here, how the little baby in-curl she cut from Sissy's head when she died, Sissy, who you loved, daddy."

"Have done!" he said, furiously. "This is a trumped up affair. I will have nothing to do with it. Leave this house!"

The child looked at him longingly for a moment, then, with a bright smile on her breast, and she broke into a passion of tears.

"Remain," said Berenice, with some decision, as the child turned to retrace her steps across the lawn. "Whose home is this, Doctor Page, but my own? What a cruel, heartless man you must be to accuse Come, child," she said, putting her arm around the young girl. "Leave his house!"

"I know that you are telling the truth. You are quite welcome to this home. You are—"

"Have a care, sir, or you will air the family skeleton." Then turning to Maurice, she said: "I am not acting a part, sir. I did not intend to have you know, if it could be avoided, my relationship."

Maurice, who until this time had watched in silence the little drama, now rose and said:

"My God, what a brute! It is all up, old man, you're done for. I was a fool to be enticed to think there never was a villain in the world except in fiction. For right down cunning and the plotting of crime, the scene to me is a master mind. I have learned much of the world's ways from observation."

"Pretty strong language, Maurice," said his companion, coolly. "I suppose it does look that way to you. But you are unjust. Would you believe this girl, who has been seen by you, to be a party to a fraud? Impossible, in preference to me?"

"I certainly believe my own ears and eyes," replied Maurice, "and anything that you may say will not change my opinion of you. I know enough."

"Believe what you damned please," answered the little doctor, hastily. "I am capable of attending to my own affairs and turning my own home and I say the girl shall not stay."

"You will not turn her out, or raise so much as a finger to harm her or any one I claim while I am around, be assured of that," said Maurice, as he turned to leave. "My advice to you, is to go slow; more might be stirred up than you will care to have exposed."

"Mind your infernal business, you insolent whelp," retorted the enraged doctor.

"Bathe your eyes, Mary, they are much too pretty for tears; let nothing that he has said trouble you. This is my home, you are welcome to it. I am very glad that you have come—and now since he has disowned you, I will pass you for my cousin—you may call me Cousin Berenice, after this."

"Oh, wont that be jolly," said the child, joyfully; "you seem just like a girl. I never could get used to calling you ma. And may I really, sure enough, stay in this pretty home with you?"

"Yes; and you must not bother another moment. Here, let me powder your face a little, to remove the tear stains—there, that is better," as she gave the turned-up nose a parting touch. Now, come and let me try this hat on you; we will go for a drive this evening."

"Oh, cracky, ain't that pretty!" as Berenice exhibited the hat.

"I wouldn't say that if I were you."

"Well, I wont—it ain't nice—but I like, but Jim used to say it and I learned it from him. Let me look at myself," as Berenice placed the hat on her curls. "Oh, it is the roses on it just that idlelike and natural, seems they ought to smell, cracky!" Then quickly clapping her hand over her mouth, she said:

"Please excuse me, Cousin Berenice; but, Lordy! don't I look beautiful," as she pivoted before the mirror, admiring the reflection. "I wish Mrs. McAfee could see me now."

"I have a little white gown here that Theresa has run some tucks in to shorten; you must slip it on. Have you no better shoes?"

"W'y, Cousin Berenice; these are bran new," said the child, putting out her foot proudly and exhibiting the coarse shoes.

"But they are so heavy and warm; Theresa must have had them shoes and stockings with the dress for you. I have never worn them. See if they fit!"

"Sure I wont hurt them?" My, but they are hard to get on. You must have awful little feet," said the girl, tugging away and getting very warm and rosy through her exercises.

"Wont they do?" asked Berenice.

"Yes, they are on, but I can't walk in them. Ouch! they're pinching my toes so sorry—"

"Well, do not wear them if they hurt, because they will ruin your feet; put on the white shoes in the mirror, admiring the effect

you," he answered, as his fine eyes beamed upon her.

She colored and averted her gaze.

They were standing by the fountain and its unceasing drip was mingled with the distant melody of the orchestra. It was playing Berenice's favorite air, Palm Branches.

"Ah, listen, Maurice, with such environments it seems not unlike some soft, sweet strain from Arcadia. If one had such strains to listen to always, they would need no other influence to teach them to live and love. Only, one is apt to attune the song to one's heart, and the heart may sometimes be wrong, you know," she said, reflectively.

"Never the heart of a good woman," said Maurice, as his hungry eye devoured the beautiful picture she made in the moonlight.

She wore a wonderful creation of white chiffon; the long train swirling about her feet in multitudinous small ruffles. A collar of exquisite pearls encircled her white throat while strays of the same held the low corsage. Her beautiful plump shoulders and round arms gleamed in the moonlight. Maurice had been devouring the fineness of her skin and its milky whiteness. His eye wandered on to the sweet full lips which he had yearned to kiss. Since the first hour he met her, it had become his one burning desire.

Finally he said: "You are more beautiful than anything I had dreamed existed, and embody everything purer and sweeter than we I have ever known before. It is all wrong to tell you, I know, but I worship you, my beautiful queen. I love you, Berenice, so wildly, so passionately, that my senses are deadened at all save one thing. Forgive me, little one," he pleaded, almost in anguish, "but, the strength of feeling that ever took hold of a man; I have fought against it, but I cannot help myself."

"Oh, Maurice," she said, shuddering, as she turned her face aside and put out her hand to stay him, "you are the tempter. "It is so wrong—you—you should not have told me—you—you have made it all the harder."

Her bosom was heaving; her beautiful eyes were hidden in their splendor, while she thrilled with a joy that seemed almost a pain.

He locked up eagerly, greedily, and said, impetuously:

"You mean—Berenice—it can't be—you don't love me in return? Tell me, sweet heart!"

"Ah, Maurice, so much, so dearly," she wailed, "but the dear God forgive me."

He lost all sense of time and place. He had her in his arms, raining kisses upon her lips, as he murmured:

"My darling, how happy you have made me!"

Hearing a step upon the gravel, they turned and found the shy little doctor only a few feet away, his eyes sparkling with evident gratification. His round lips smiled in the moonlight as he said, slowly, and with a peculiarly vicious accent:

"Don't let me disturb you, Venus and Adonis. I was just admiring the picture—that is all; enjoy yourselves, by all means."

Then he turned with that low, restrained, terrible look of his and left them.

"What a prince of devils!" said Maurice.

Berenice trembled violently and would have fallen to the ground but for the strong arm that supported her. Then she straightened and said, excitedly:

"Ah, Maurice; he will kill you."

"No—no—no yourself, sweetheart, that is not his game. He will request you tomorrow to come with his demands about putting your money in his hands. This, no doubt, is a supreme moment to him. But do not bother, two can play at this little game."

"Oh, but I have been very foolish," she said, looking timidly down.

"It was all my fault," he said. "I deserve your reproaches, Berenice, but be generous. The brain forgets when the heart so pleads."

She stood silent for a moment, then as the last strains of the orchestra died away she lifted her eyes to his and met a look so intense—so love and yearning, it set her heart to beating wildly. She was conscious of a strange sweetness and joy never known before.

"Ah, Maurice," she said, looking at him fondly, "you may be all wrong, wicked, if you will, but even in the face of all the danger surrounding me, this is the happiest hour my life has ever known."

Again he folded her to his heart. "God bless you, little one, for those words; I feel better now and am ready to face any ordeal, knowing that you will stands in the way of our happiness. You belong to me, sweetheart, you were made for me, and by the gods I shall possess you."

How his words ached, cheered, and thrilled her, they were sweet, sweet to her hungry heart. It was to her as it is to the starving man who eagerly snatches at the morsel before him, reckless of the poison it might contain. She only knew that her glorious love, which she thought had passed her by, had come to her at last. For the time, she had no other sense, no other knowledge than that she loved and was loved.

As they turned to retrace their steps over the lawn, she gave a little shudder.

"Be brave, my poor darling," he whispered, tenderly, "you will have need of your courage."

"Oh, it was not fear, Maurice, that made me shudder. It was happiness. She had a natural strength of fearlessness, and she marveled herself for what might come.

Upon reaching the house, Maurice went in search of his relative, but found that he had fatigued weariness and had excused himself.

"The doctor left word for you not to hurry home on his account, Doctor Monteith," said the hostess, "that his wife must remain and enjoy the evening; that she had too long shut herself up with her bereavement; he feared at times that her mind would give away under the strain and was glad to have it diverted. He is so very considerate of his beautiful young wife. She is greatly admired this evening. But here comes Mrs. Joselyn. I will introduce and leave you together for a time; you no doubt will find her interesting. She is quite a leader in society at the present time."

"I understand that you are to locate here, Doctor Monteith," said his new acquaintance, a remarkably stylish woman, so well preserved as to cheat time of at least ten years. Maurice would not have guessed her over thirty, were it not for the appearance of her daughter, a young lady some twenty-two years of age, with rather a long nose and sallow complexion.

"Yes," answered Maurice, "I have settled here for a time, at least."

"It will be sure to see a great deal of you in that event; we feel quite well acquainted with you already through Cousin Rosamond. She writes to Boston some of letters mentions you in her letters—but here is Marguerite; come, dear, and let me make you acquainted with Doctor Monteith. He has just located in Chicago; is it not delightful? We shall expect to see you at our social affair this winter; it is really too warm now to try to get any enjoyment out of life. Strange that Mrs. Fowler would attempt such a thing in June, because it is getting so warm and so many away; still, the nights are cool. I do not have the heart it warm here until July, and even then seldom find it necessary to remain in the home we leave. However, we must get away by the first, our friends who have gone before are pining our disinterment, and pity is a thing which we would all prefer to do without, you know. Ah, slightly confused. You mean Mrs. Page, she is indeed a rare woman.

"So rare, I fear, for a husband not to be anxious about," she said, in her sweetest manner. "Doctor Monteith, I shall have over to a particularly handsome man. I am glad, however, that marriage has taken the power to coax her from her cage," she continued, with her penetrating gaze, at which Maurice felt uncomfortable. "She is such an ornament to society."

"Oh," he answered indifferently. "Doctor Page insists that I must be entertained. I, no doubt be a welcome guest, but after as you say, she confines herself too closely."

"So kind of him and so wholly unselfish, since he, himself cares so little for the world's pleasures. Ah, here comes Marguerite to you, and Marguerite is impatient. Do remember what I have said about dancing so much, my dear; of course, though, you will favor Doctor Monteith. Have you a card?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma," answered the tall young lady, with a supercilious air. "You might give the gentleman the privilege of finding one for himself."

"I should feel greatly honored," said Maurice, "if you would favor me, but I am not dancing much this evening. In fact, it is a pastime which I seldom indulge."

"Oh, Hildebrand, how delightful, for such frivolity," suggested his companion, as they moved away, leaving him to his small tables.

"It is rather my sluggish nature that does not respond to the strains of music sufficiently to put my body in motion."

"Perhaps the music does to your soul instead of your toes."

"I never thought that I had not thought of it in that way before," he replied, laughing. "No doubt you are right."

"Are you quite sentimental, then? I should like to meet a man of sentiment for a change. Our Chicago men are so stupidly prosy. Prosy and cowardly. It scares them to death to talk of anything save a real romance, that is the old-fashioned kind; the honorable affair with marriage in the end. They are veritable Mirabeis.

"And are not women responsible for their cowardice when you get at the root of the evil?"

"Oh, of course, it is like a man to say so. I sometimes think woman must have been created especially to bear a man's sins, for since the time of Eve they have made of us this convenience. But you may be right in a measure. So few women possess the soul instead of your toes."

"Why, Miss Joselyn,

HILL BROOK FARM.

The Owner Comments on Grape-Nuts.

A farmer with his out of door work might have reason to expect more than the average of good health if he would use proper food and have it well cooked, but many of them, in middle age, suffer torments from dyspepsia, and following that a weakened nervous system.

To show the value of a change in food we quote from a letter written by L. Flagler, owner of Hill Brook Farm, Charlottesville, Va.:

"I have spent a very considerable amount of money in trying to cure my stomach trouble with medicines, and have changed climate several times. About two years ago I was taken worse. My heart and kidneys gave me much trouble. I could not sleep nights. Was very nervous, thin and discouraged. Finally I changed my food and began taking Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. This agreed with me and I thought I could see my way out, so I have stuck to Grape-Nuts for a year and a half and gradually the old troubles have disappeared.

I have made splendid progress in health and strength, sleep well and can now do a good day's work for a man of fifty years.

I know that Grape-Nuts caused the change, and although I am now able to use other food as I like, still I stick to Grape-Nuts because I know how it nourished me, and besides, wife and I both like the food. She says nothing has helped her nervous system like Grape-Nuts. We buy the food by the case and are very enthusiastic in regard to it."

If to plain that nervous, worn out people can be brought back to health by using Grape-Nuts.

Comforting Him.

When the man discovered it was his wife he had kicked, and not the cook, he was extremely cast down.

It was like the brave little woman to try to comfort him.

"Cheer up, dear," said she. "Only think how much later it is than if you had mistaken the cook for me and spoken harshly to her!"

The Only Kind They Know.

"That western friend of yours promised me a cold bottle if I did a certain favor for him."

"Well, he's usually a man of his word."

"Huh! All he gave me was a cold bottle of beer."

"Well, you can't blame him. He's from Milwaukee."

The Exception.

"We insure persons of every avocation," said the accident insurance solicitor, "except one."

He spoke in a confidential, you-see-how-it-is-yourself tone of voice.

"—That of innocent bystander. We are philanthropic, and all that, but we are not foolish."

Sensational Episode.

"Did you hear about the sensational scrape old Gayboy got into at Atlantic City? He was seen kissing a woman on the hotel plazza."

"Nothing strange about that."

"Not at first sight, but they discovered that it was his wife."

The Only Time.

"What a great boon hairpins are to women," observed Pennington.

"And to men," bantered Meekwood.

"How so?"

"Why, when a woman fills her mouth with hairpins a man has a chance to get in a few words."

Her Point of View.

Husband—Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face?

Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so, I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.

One on the Professor.

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy.

"No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields, "not if the pictures of her are authentic."

At the Hospital.

"To be sure," said the kindly minister to the man who had lost both his legs in a railway accident, "you have been severely injured, but you must be grateful that your life is spared."

"Yes," said the sufferer, trying to look cheerful, "I can't kick."

No Hand Outstretched.

The man was clearly in great distress. "Help, help!" he cried, in agonizing tones. But he lived in the suburbs and wanted a woman for general housework, so the help in the employment bureau looked upon him with calm scorn.

Cornered.

First Philosopher (of Podunk)—No use talkin', what is to be will be.

Second Ditto—Humph! There was to be an Uncle Tom's Cabin show here two night, but it busted down in Prattville. Now, where's yer argyument?

Gets Another Chance.

Angry Patron—Look here. This steak is so tough that I haven't been able to bite it yet, and I want a rebate for it.

Head Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I do not think we can give you a rebate. You might try a rebite, however.

His Conclusion.

"Little boy," said Mrs. Angular, "don't you want to grow up to be a big, strong man?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy between puffs. "Well, you never will if you smoke those nasty things. They will make you dreadfully thin."

"Gee!" replied the boy, as he looked critically at my wife, who is extremely thin. "Gee! but you must have smoked a lot of them!"

Conversational Currency.

"My money talks for me," said the gentleman in the green plaid suit, with the large diamond in his shirt.

Whereat the wise policeman smiled merrily, knowing full well that it was hush money to which the gentleman referred.

Merely Circumstantial.

Having cast the supposed witch into the pond, they regarded her with deep anxiety.

"Ha! she sinks!" cried the stern magistrate, after a moment. "She drowns! She is therefore innocent!"

But a murmur ran through the rabble.

"Nay!" qouth these. "Let us not acquit her on merely circumstantial evidence!"

For those rugged Puritans would be just, even though they thereby seemed to discredit a venerable and venerated custom.

Mystery Explained.

Mrs. Hayrix—I cain't see how them fellers what send out th' weather reports kin tell what kind of weather is goin' tew be tomorrer.

Uncle Hiram—I dunno, but I kinder suspect mebby they git their information outen th' almanacks, b'gosh.

A CHRISTMAS ECHO.

Lloyd—so you toed the mark and kissed her?
Boyd—I mistletoed the mark.

The Only Difference.

The Chicken (patronizingly)—What! you have a "lucky bone" the same as I! Why, you don't know what you are squeaking about!

The Rabbit (crazily)—Certainly! You don't know what you are clucking about. It's "lucky bone" is in my hind leg.

An Unpropitious Time.

Mrs. Highblower—You must surely come to church today. The sermon is on the dishonesty of business methods.

Highblower—Then I must wait until next Sunday. I have an important deal to put through this week.

One Man's Luck.

Brown—Did you buy that block of Gusher oil stock you were speaking about?

Jones—No; I had a fortunate escape.

Brown—How was that?

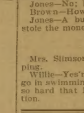
Jones—A burglar cracked my safe and stole the money I was going to invest in it.

Accounted For.

Mrs. Stimson—Willie, your shirt is dripping.

Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.

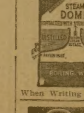
AGENTS WANTED



SALESMEN AND AGENTS WANTED

BIG WAGES—The Famous Puritan Water Still, a wonderful invention and a Blessing to 10,000 already sold. Demand enormous. Every family will buy one the moment they know it. Distills plenty of distilled, sterilized, healthful water, pure, delicious and safe. Only method. Kills all disease germs, Typhoid Fever, Bowel, Kidney, Bladder and Blood Troubles disappear when water is used. Write for Booklet, New Plan, Terms, etc. FREE. Harrison Mfg. Co., 40 Main Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



FREE

A WATCH and CHAIN and CHARM for a few hours work. We give this elegant Gold Filled Stem Wind and Stem Set watch and a beautiful heavy Gold plated watch chain and charm, either Ladies' or Gents' size, absolutely Free for selling our perfumes. The watch is a perfect time keeper, has the latest design and is very pretty. The chain and watch is a beauty, handsomely engraved in a beautiful design. The charm is one of the largest and most stylish designs handsomely finished and fully guaranteed. We expect to give away thousands of these watches and chains this season. Send your name and address and we will send you 10 packages of perfumes to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us $1.00 and we will send you the ladies' or gents' watch, chain and charm as premium absolutely free. We send premiums the same day money is received. Address

2349 Fulton St., Dept. 2 F. A. Brooklyn, N.Y.

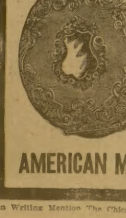
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET BIG MAIL. Would you like to get big mail? Would you like to get letters from all parts of the world containing orders and money for mail purchases? If so, send 50c at once and we will mail you 1000 circulars directly to your address as above stated stating you will purchase inserted in our Agents' Directory. Directory we will insert in the best Directory which we are now preparing. Address

PATTY Fulton Mail Order Bureau, Indiana County, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE



A Solid Gold Ladies' or Gents' watch costs from $25 to $50. Don't throw your money away. If you want a watch that will equal for time any Solid Gold Watch made, send us your name & address at once & agree to sell only 8 boxes of our famous Vegetable Pills at 25 cts. a box. It's the greatest remedy on earth for Constipation, Indigestion & all stomach disorders & they sell like hot cakes. Don't miss the chance of your life. Send us your order & we will send the 8 boxes by mail. When sold you send us the money & we will send you the WATCH with

A GUARANTEE FOR 20 YEARS

the same day money is received. There is no humbuggery about this. We are giving away these watches to quickly introduce our Remedy—& all we ask is that when you receive the watch you will show it to your friends. Hundreds have received watches from us & are more than delighted with them. This is a glorious opportunity to get a fine watch without paying a cent for it & you should write at once. Address

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 56B, 47 Warren St., New York City.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STORYETTES.

Holiday Joys.

BY BUD BARCLAY.

"Did I enjoy the holidays? Did I have a merry Christmas? Oh, did I? Ask me. You must have taken something for the nerve to stand there and hand me that one. Me, with the bad lamp! Me, with the handsome countenance done rare! Oh, merry, merry! No, sir, not on your retouched negative. Nothing doing in the bat line. Christmas was strictly a domestic sketch with me doing the broad comedy. If it hadn't been so broad I mightn't have caught it in so many spots.

"The trouble started when an alleged friend of mine buttonholed me one day last week and sung me his mournful lay. He's been married some time and has got a couple of kids who are getting leary of our old friend Santy Claus.

"To make a short story long, their fond pa wanted to impress on 'em that there was a real genuine, label-blown-in-the-bottle Santy who gave 'em the annual handout and not merely pa, as they had a hunch it was.

"He wanted to be seated in the heart of his family when the old gentleman trotted in, so why couldn't I do a few stunts in that line on Christmas Eve He wanted me to come to dinner and then right afterward do my celebrated impersonation. I had a dance on for late in the eve, but I thought that it would be dead easy to handle both assignments, so I told him I was his biscuit.

"Of course, I was Johnny-in-the-spot that night for chow and we tapped the pipe for several fairy tales concerning the celebrated visitor in prospect. One hopeful had arrived at the mature age of 6 and he was a natural-born Missourian. He required optical demonstration. He allowed that some side partner of his had put him wise on the Santy Claus question.

"Well, after dinner, according to stage directions, I let on that I was sick and foxy papah helped me upstairs to a room where the Santy Claus outfit was. He ducked out and told the kids to be quiet, as I was laid out. Nice, truthful bunch. I wonder what George Washington did on Christmas eve? Made Martha do the tall story-telling, maybe.

"Anyhow, I buttoned on a fur coat over a couple of pillows, pulled on the fur cap and tied on some hilariously comfortable horsehair whiskers. I took a rubber at myself in the glass and decided I was the really, truly It. My stunt was to canter downstairs with the bag of presents and announce I'd come in by the time-worn chimney route, but I thought I'd improve on that moss-covered gag, because I opined that any modern kid with a spoonful of gray matter would tumble to that easy.

"So I rubbered out of the back window and there leaning gracefully against the one-story kitchen extension was a ladder. 'Oh, joy!' I remarked, and opening the window I toddled out there. But there was many a slip 'twixt the window and the ladder. I drew a slip.

"The first thing I knew my trilbies shot toward the milky way and I tobogganed off the sloping roof and fell with a dull, sickening plunk on the kitchen lady's steady, who was standing in the shadow, whispering sweet words to his Dulcinea. Then—us to the snow. He was rattled and mad and no explanation went. We rolled and gouged around right merrily, me handicapped by the bag of toys. But say, those pillows under my coat saved me from many a Terry McGovern.

"But the argument, while short, was too heated to suit yours truly, and I broke the clinch and made for the fence. The lad I got the drop on grabbed one of my tootsies as I was going over, so I planted the other on his portrait and pushed myself away in time to meet the neighbor's bulldog.

"Gee! I never knew I was a sprinter before, but I'd like to had a watch held on me during that event. All previous records to the standing-room seats. Mr. Dog was something of a runner, too. He was a close second. Too close for comfort. He tackled me from behind and pretty near downed me before I gained another yard. But I left him behind with a souvenir of my performance.

"Meanwhile the Dulcinea and her inamorata were executing a duet entitled 'Police,' and just as I made a hot run out the alley I butted into the rough neck, who was rounding the pike. The rule with cops is: When in doubt, beat up the guy. That was me. He saw me, the bag and the loudness from the other members of the company, and by doing a little Sherlock Holmesing it was easy. He played tag all over me with his hickory. I've got a couple of kopjes on top my coco that defy phrenology.

"Oh, yes! I tried to explain, but he would not have it, when the others came chasing up to tell about it. Finally he towed me around to my friend's door and called him out to identify the remains.

"Well, you ought to 'a' heard that heartless yap roar when he saw me! I thought he was going to fold up and expire right there. He thought it was the best thing yet. And I certainly looked like a bowl of chop suey—whiskers hanging over one ear, cap jammed down, one optic to the worse and a miscellaneous collection of bruises. And temper! Gee!

"Then when I yanked off the heavy disguise, fired down the bag of dilapidated presents and told 'em to do it themselves they got sore.

"Me? I had to pass up the dance and the girl I was to take thinks she knows why. I'm a mummy. A dead one. Spent merry Christmas reducing the swelling on my phiz. Never again any Santa Claus. Not for me! Never again!"

Getting Posted.

He had the look of a man who would not give another man a fair show, and it was only a minute after he sat down in the seat beside the cowboy that his nature was fully exposed.

"I suppose you have had some narrow escapes from the Indians?" he queried as a starter.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "It was only two months ago that as I was riding across——"

"And, of course, you have seen bears in plenty?" interrupted the Easterner.

"Yes; I've seen bears. One day about six weeks ago, as I was looking for stray cattle among the foothills, I——"

"And I have heard that the wolves out there are very savage."

"Wolves? Well, the timber wolves are bad critters to meet when they happen to be hungry. One day last winter, when the snow was about three feet deep, I was making my way around——"

"And is it true about there being so many rattlesnakes out there?" cut in the questioner.

"There's rattlesnakes, of course," replied the cowboy, after a puzzled look at the other, "and mebbe they are as thick as the papers tell of. Yes; I've seen a heap of 'em myself. I was just thinking of a narrow escape I had last summer. I had got off my cayuse to look for tracks of lost cattle, when——"

"And were you ever in a prairie fire?"

"Prairie fire? Yes; three or four of 'em. It was only last August that as I was loping across a prairie about twenty miles wide that——"

"And how about landslides and avalanches?"

"I've seen 'em both. The biggest landslide I ever saw was two years ago last fall. It was over at Panther mountain. I was within half a mile of the base——"

"Were you ever run over by a stampeding herd of cattle?" interrupted the listener.

"Yes; I was," slowly replied the cowboy, who seemed to be somewhat out of sorts.

"Was it a big herd?"

"About 10,000 steers."

"And, of course, you were trodden into a shapeless, lifeless mass?"

"Of course."

"That will do—thanks. I've always had considerable curiosity about the west, and I thought I'd post up a little. Much obliged for all your information, and good day."

Remembrance and Resemblance.

Living near a monarch does not necessarily make a man a courier, as we may see by a story which the London Chronicle prints of King Edward VII. Every Christmas for a number of years his majesty has given to an old tenant on his Sandringham estate a pair of boots.

The old man's feet are just the size of those of the king, who always tries on the boots before presenting them. This adds, of course, to the old man's pride in his gift.

On one occasion, some months after the regular gift had been made the Prince of Wales, as he then was, met the tenant, and noticing that his boots showed palpable signs of wear and neglect, advised him to polish them.

"Ah," returned the old man. "I never look at those boots, dirty and worn as they are, without being reminded of your royal highness."

In relating this incident at home—for a prince tells his family funny things as readily as the plainest citizen—his royal highness said:

"A well-meant compliment, I dare say, but a very doubtful one."

"Do you know that Tom kissed me last night?"
"Well, I declare! I hope you sat on him for it."
"I was sitting on him at the time."

"He was a stranger, and I took him in," remarked the whale in speaking of his meeting with Jonah.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted

No experience or capital necessary. We explain everything to you and if you have the "knack" you can make $50 a week. You are sure of a better income working for yourself than for others. Your customers are satisfied and you make big profit on our goods. Exclusive territory. Suits $9.00 up. Trousers, $2.50 up. Express prepaid. Everybody says, "best line I ever saw." Complete pocket outfit for 2-cent stamp. Write today. Grasp this opportunity now.

PROGRESS TAILORING COMPANY, 200B Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HOME WORK 60 cts. a sheet, copying. Send stamp. Wholesale Supply Co., South Bend, Ind

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WRITERS WANTED To Do Copying at Home. Art Institute, Lima, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $20 a Week and Expenses to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Compound. Send stamp. Javelle Mfg. Co., Dept. 121, Parsons, Kans

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WORK at $60 a month distributing samples. No goods to sell. Enclose stamp for reply. American Adv. Ass'n, 128 Pearl St., N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to Royal Co., Dept. 7, 34 Monroe St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

1902 Sample Styles Hold-to-light Silk Fringe and Calling Escort Cards, NO TRASH, CARDS Genuine Cards, with Agt's. Big outfit & Fancy Sample Book, ALL 2 CENTS. BUCKEYE CARD CO. Laceyville, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE WANT AGENTS—Men with energy and push, and who are not afraid to hustle, to take orders for made to measure suits from $7.00 up to $25.00; pants from $2.25 up to $7.00. You can make big money working for us. Write at once for Sample Outfit and particulars. THE WASHINGTON WOOLEN & WORSTED MILLS. Dept. 37 Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $1 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 552, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE TRUST YOU Send us your name and address and we will send you 20 boxes Neurox Headache Tablets, the best headache remedy in the world, which you sell for only 10c. per box. Send us the money, and we will send you this excellent Watch prepaid. We offer other beautiful presents, such as knives, spoons, fountain-pens, &c. Send for free catalogue. Send To-day. NEUROX MEDICINE CO., Dept. 14 New Haven, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ENERGETIC AGENTS OR MERCHANTS MAKE $100 WEEKLY selling our American Arc Pressure Gas Lamps 150 Candle Power. Beat electric arc light. Cheaper than kerosene. Latest improvements. Simple and absolutely safe. Fully guaranteed. RETAIL $13. Sample Lamp Half Price. Also 50 styles of improved high-grade Gravity Lamps. Positively lowest prices for Fall trade. Exclusive territory. Write for catalogue. AMERICAN LIGHTING CO., Dept. S.P., 111 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

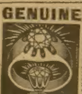
A GOLD WATCH FREE

This Elegant Solid Gold Filled Hunting Case Watch (Ladies' or Gents' size), 17 jeweled expansion balance, fully guaranteed American movement, is given FREE to each person selling our jewelry. Send your name and address and we will send 18 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c. each. When sold send us the $1.80 and we will send you at once, prepaid, a fully guaranteed American movement Watch. Address:

ARTHUR MFG. CO., 110 Arthur Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GENUINE DIAMOND



In appearance. The latest discovery and the only stone ever produced that PUZZLES THE EXPERTS. Perfect in cut and luster. Will send sample Ring, gents or ladies, or Solid Gold Set Stud by express C.O.D. You examine before you pay if not equal in appearance to a $150 stone don't take it. If O.K. pay agent $1.95 and charges. Agents make big money handling our goods. CATALOGUE FREE.

NATIONAL JOBBING CO., 314 Trade Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED to SELL WATCHES and JEWELRY. $24.00 Per WEEK made selling our fine Warranted 14K Rolled Gold plated Jewelry, or you can establish yourself in a good paying permanent business by sending at once for our complete Agents Outfit, consisting of,

1—14k Rolled Gold plated Watch, stem wind and stem set, Hunting case, fine Ruby Jeweled movement, warranted five years, Ladies or Gents size, to sell for	$5.00
1 Ladies Lorgnette Chain, " "	1.50
1 Gents Vest Chain, " "	1.50
2 Engraved Band Rings, to sell at 50c each,	$1.00
2 Plain Band Rings, " " 50c "	1.00
2 Santiago Diamond Rings, " " $1.00 "	2.00
3 Ladies Set Rings, " " 50c "	1.50
2 " Brooches, " " 50c "	1.00
2 " " " " 25c "	.50
6 pr. Santiago Diamond Ear Rings, " " 50c pair,	1.50
3 Gents Santiago Diamond Shirt Studs, to sell at 25c ea.,	$ .75
3 pr. Cuff Buttons, to sell at 25c pair,	.75
3 Scarf Pins, " " 25c each,	.75
10 " " assorted, " " 10c "	1.00
20 Collar Buttons, assorted, " " 5c "	1.00
57 Articles to sell for	$20.75

If you wish to become our agent send your name and post office and express office address and we will send you this complete Agents Outfit C. O. D. by express, with the privilege of examination before paying for same. If you find the goods entirely satisfactory pay the express agent $9.75 and express charges for this entire outfit which you can sell in a day for $20.75. Write at once and secure the agency. Mention if you want Ladies or Gents watch. $9.75

Address THE DIAMOND JEWELRY CO., Agents Dept. No. 11, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

Oath-Bound Under the Black Flag--Story of Love and Daring in the Chinese Empire.

By ANNA L. SMITH,
Author of "Duchess of the Looms," "Cast Up by the Sea," Etc.
(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 47, Nov. 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, and back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.--Continued.

"Woe! Woe! Woe!"

Again the weird voice came from the cliff.

The terrified gang huddled together.

"It is the War God; he has stolen somebody and is flying on the wings of the air!" whispered a tall heathen, as he grasped his gigantic bow. "Wogoto shoot body--kill quick, then the God go away."

"Satan burn you for a set of sneaking hounds!" vociferated Don Emilio, hoarsely, but his face went white as ashes, and his eyes glared with a terror-stricken expression.

Was he thinking of a fearful tragedy enacted upon that very cliff long ago, in which he was a chief actor? Many a dark page had been recorded in the life-book of the man, yet young in years, but old in crime.

In a moment his natural hardihood asserted itself.

"Idiots! Cowards! Do you fear a voice? It is some enemy hidden in the jungle, squeaking the infernal gibberish!" he founded, his face purpling with rage.

A mocking laugh sounded in his very ears, it seemed.

"It is the devil," whispered a Spanish soldier, whose knees were knocking together with fear, "the Colonel knows something that turns his face to the color of ashes."

But Don Emilio Estrance had gained control of his iron nerves.

"A drink all around will set you up; bring the canteens," he commanded, and the proposition was hailed with a guttural growl of satisfaction.

A small cask which had been strapped to one of the animals was quickly produced, and not one, but a triple number of drinks were disposed of, from the fiery, native-brewed juice, and the wonted pluck were ready for any deed of blood.

"Now, away! Search every foot of the jungle!" yelled Don Emilio. "Lung Woo-Yono, search for the traitor!"

It was but the work of a few minutes to discover the track of the fugitive, which ended abruptly in an open glade, thickly over-run with poisonous vines.

But the maniac girl was nowhere in sight.

"Meet me here in an hour," called Don Emilio, as the two Boxers prepared to follow the fugitive, and according to the direction of the Colonel the party scattered, taking different directions, and searching in couples, for in spite of the effect of the liquor they had swallowed, none cared to venture alone.

Don Emilio himself started upon the search, accompanied by a tall Spanish soldier.

Within the hour the various pairs straggled back, Don Emilio and his companion being the latest arrivals.

The search had been unsuccessful--the maniac girl had disappeared as mysteriously as if the earth had engulfed her.

"The trail, as far as the glade leads in the direction of Lake Tai-ti-Ka!" declared Don Emilio, "we will follow, taking that course."

But five Buddhists who had surreptitiously added several draughts of the burning liquor, flatly refused to leave the camp and casting themselves at full length upon the earth, with their gigantic bows beside them, they signified their intention of remaining until the early morning hours.

Familiar with the dogged nature of the savage brutes Don Emilio feared to enforce his command to move forward, he had no desire to stir up a rebellion which would surely follow any attempt at coercion.

Leaving the devotees of Buddha to their own devices, the remaining portion of the band set forth taking their way towards the Lake of Incantations, leaving the five fatalists to the mysterious doom which speedily overtook them, for every camp where they were discovered by Konaluok, hours later.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CROSS OF THE HUI HUI JIN.

We will now return to the Japanese guide, Konaluok, whom we last saw standing in the camp of death, with five Chinese warriors lay stretched upon the earth, silent and motionless, their features already set in the rigidity of death.

"Hui Hui Jin has called," "Hochundar! Who kill?"

Approaching the bodies, he bent over each in turn, uttering a low, half-suppressed growl of amazement and superstitious terror.

"Huh-uh! Spirit of great warrior. None, man, could strike with such power."

Upon each copper-colored forehead was the mark of the "Nations Avenger, a bloody trace of a knife, in the form of a Roman Cross, deep and broad.

But the bodies, nude except for the breech cloth, bore no other wound. The tough bows lay at their feet in length, the quiver of unmeaned arrows, capable of passing through a human body when aped by the brawny hands of the yellow assassin, lay beside the dead warriors whose steel-sinewed fingers would never again grasp bow or arrow.

With a low howl of fear Konaluok turned and crashed through the jungle, making his way back to camp at his utmost speed. It was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant, and the first intimation his companions had of his approach was when he stood in their midst.

In his own peculiar vernacular, half-English, half-Spanish, he related his strange adventure.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lieutenant Chilton, "such a wound as described would not be likely to cause death--especially when inflicted upon these leather-skinned fellows--you must have overlooked some bullet mark."

"Hoo! No bullet, no arrow!" growled Konaluok.

"You must be dreaming," returned the lieutenant.

"Dream open eye! Come with Konaluok--dream, too," jerked out the guide, as he folded his brawny arms across his broad chest.

Selecting Fred Hasleton, Ensign Howard, and five blue-jackets, he turned to the guide.

"Lead on, we'll follow; fall in, boys."

Cautiously, they made the ambush, they made their way in single file, making straight in the direction of the blurt, which rose a bald surface of rock in the distance, a landmark above the mysterious camp.

Silently the party crept through the jungle, halting at last upon the edge of the glade.

Involuntarily the Americans started back, in unbounded astonishment a feeling of awe stealing over them.

As the guide had declared, there lay the gaunt, nude figures of five gigantic Boxers, their fiery eyes open and glaring like those of dead tigers, about the heads, clearly defined under the brilliant moonlight, a deep wound greeted the gaze of each, in the form of a Roman Cross, reaching from the base of the nose to the line of coarse, inky-black hair-stumps surrounding the otherwise expert-like pig-tails.

At the order of the Lieutenant, the party stepped into the moonlight and every man bent over the bodies, each examining the bodies carefully, but not a scratch was discovered, save the deep gory slashes, which, although looking awfully realistic, were not sufficient to cause death.

"What do you think of it, Frayne?" asked Elson Howard, straightening himself, and addressing the young lieutenant. "Why, what's the matter?" he broke off, abruptly, "you look as white as a ghost."

Lieutenant Chilton was standing in the center of the glade, his gaze fixed upon the bodies. Frayne was the first to notice his forehead, his breath coming in quick gasps.

"Frayne, what is it?" questioned Elson, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

The Lieutenant started, looked at his comrade, in a startled, bewildered stare.

"No--nothing," he stammered, old man--look there!"

He pointed to the cliff.

"Where? What?" asked Elson, wonderingly. "I see nothing but a big bluff standing out like a great fortress--picturesque, of course, and you imagine you saw a pig-tail in ambush, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Old sorrel!"

"Wonderful! Incomprehensible!" muttered Frayne. "I have seen this spot--not in a dream, but in the past time I was but an infant, that towering bluff, that mass of rock upon the face of the white, chalky cliff, and beneath the base to summit, like a great serpent, the deep, blood-red gash, a curtain of moss, and yet it seems impossible!" declared the Lieutenant, excitedly.

"Of course it is only a hallucination," answered Elson, "I have sometimes had a similar fancy--as if I suddenly remembered some scene which I was positive I had never seen before. Some believers in the transmigration of souls make that peculiar hypothesis one of their chief arguments in support of their belief--they tell us that when the body dies our souls have left behind the surroundings we have experience--it is the wildest fancy, old man--of course, but I will wait to hear the section of heathendom?"

"Certainly, and that is why my sensations are so singular; it is a strange fancy, but I cannot shake it."

"There are a deuced many things more than we dream of in our philosophy in this world of ours, Shakespeare tells us; but as some other old duffer," rejoined Elson; "you are an American, and have yet set foot in this God-forsaken country before you were sent to the British legation, six months ago?"

"Never," replied Frayne; "my father, years ago, was a merchant in the city of Tientsin, spent several years in China, but that was before I saw the light. I was born in New York, a year after the Americans and English had driven away by the treacherous Chinese. I passed the first years of my life in New York--well, until I entered West Point. My father lives in Brazil; and, yet, at this moment I could swear that I have before stood upon this identical spot, looked upon that cliff, listened to the rush of the Tung Ho, and mingled in the dream comes the vision of a bandanaed, sinister face, a man's face, with cruel eyes and a sneering smile. I suppose it must be the workings of fancy wrought by the strange scenes through which we have passed, or, may be the premonitary symptom of a brain disorder engendered in this cursed climate, and yet, setting aside the weariness of limbs after our long tramp, I never felt better in my life."

The two friends had been standing a little apart from their companions, their conversation had been carried on in a low tone. Elson noted that Fred Hasleton was regarding them with a puzzled expression.

"Hasleton is wondering what we are chinning about," he said, "as we are not likely to gain anything by remaining here, or find any solution to the mystery, suppose we summon as the Dons have it, over there in the Philippines."

"The most sensible thing to do, I reckon," returned Frayne, but his eyes still wandered in the direction of the cliff. "Al sunrise we can pass this way and maybe make some further discoveries."

Leaving the bivouac of the dead, the party retraced their steps to camp by the most direct route, through the tangled undergrowth, where they arrived, and related the strange story to their wondering com-

CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. THE BEST to subscribers. Reader, Lonely Hearts' Journal, St. Bridgeport, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FILL your own **TEETH** with DENTALINE. Lasts a lifetime. Stops pain. Endorsed by Dentists. Dalton Dental Co., Chicago, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLONDE Age 28, worth $16,000, inherits $2,000, will marry. Ad. Central Agency, Lincoln, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE SUPERSEDES GOLD AND SILVER PLATING. Sells Cheaper, Runs Faster, Lasts Longer. Sample by mail, 25c. F. E. KELLEY, Pittsburg, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER. Established--FREE. Sample. O. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRY! Correspondents, papers and photos. NEW PLAN Directory Company, Marshall, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PRETTY BLONDES Brunettes wish to marry. Many wealthy. Send 10c. for sealed particulars. Mrs. Seabolt, J. R. HARRIS, Garden Park Sta., Dept. 25, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHINC, HEALING OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Pamphlet and Sanit. free. DR. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOU MUST HATCH eggs before you can raise chickens. **YOU MUST HAVE FAITH IN PILLS** before you can be cured. Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on this plan. Guarantee. Relief first bottle or druggist keeps the money. Book on nerves and sample bottle free. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HOW TO GET RICH LEARN HYPNOTISM Discover promotion and success. Control others. Develop will power. Banish poverty. Gain health. Make others love and admire you. Secure happiness. Particulars free. Send 10c. to help cover postage. Prof. LA GRANGE, 282 S. CLINTON, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

NO SPAVINS

The worst possible spavin can be cured in 45 minutes. Kendall's Spavin Cure. Splint and Ring Spavin. Also painful and bony lumps. Cures all lameness. Write for this new outlined sent free to horse owners.

Write today. Ask for Circular No. 125.
Fleming Bros., Chemists, Union Stock Yds., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$1.69 STEM WIND

Send no money. Pay postman $1.69 and this watch is yours. Case is solid nickel, will not tarnish. Stem wind and stem set. Guaranteed one year. Sent by express, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can see and test it at your express office before you pay $1.69 and express charges and find it equal to any watch sold at $5.00. Send size of finger for ring. Catalogue free. CHICAGO WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 148 Monroe St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WEAK EYES MADE STRONG Sight Restored at Small Expense

Dr. W. O. Coffee the Des Moines Iowa, oculist, has formed a method by which any person with brains in every case when the sight is not entirely destroyed, can successfully restore sight to the eyes, even if granulated lids, ectasia, opacities, films, adhesions of the eye or any other trouble of the eye. He has published a splendid book with colored plates explaining his method of treating the diseases, so you can treat your own eyes at home. It tells how you can restore your sight to perfect health and strength. Any one interested in eyes, Dr. Coffee will send this book free. Write for "Dr. Coffee's Book." Address DR. W. O. COFFEE, 923 Good Block, Des Moines, Ia.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STRICTURE

Skeens Painless Stricture Cure eradicates every trace of stricture, however severe, from the urethra, relieving inflammation, restoring the natural organs of Gland and restoring Lost Vitality. No cutting, no pain, no detention from business. Cures in 10 days to 30 days. Write for free pamphlet and proof. Don't put your case off.

PAY WHEN CURED

We mean just what we say, and do not ask anything to be paid for cure. For thousands of years the Indians have used Skeens Stricture Cure for all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. It is a powerful tonic, and is absolutely harmless. Will not interfere with your business or social engagements. Sold by all first-class druggists, or sent by mail. Price $1.00.

FREE--15 DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT.

Dr. A. SKEEN CO., 108 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Method of Communication

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS.

Every lover and everyone who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandums, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends in a code and no one can find out what you have written. A code is sent with each Weto Graph. Send 10 cents for it, and we will send you the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

FENN PUBLISHING CO., PARKESBURG, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address--Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. It cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. At request to the State Medical Institute, 34 Luckie Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., stating that you do see one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and to whom a free sample will enable them to see how they it is to be cured of sexual weakness which the proper remedies are employed. The institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

(Continued.)

rades, but so accustomed to startling adventure and peril had these marines become, that in five minutes every man save the sentries leaning like figures of bronze against the trunks of great teak trees, was soundly asleep.

As the sun's first red beams glinted through the jungle, the party was astir, and after a hasty breakfast of bananas and cocoanut they resumed their march, taking the trail which the guide followed with the ease of a lynx-eyed native.

It led straight to the mysterious camp at the foot of the cliff, and down to the bank of the turbid Yung Ki river.

Every soldier examined the dead savages, but failed to find the slightest wound, other than the mysterious cross, or a clew to the mystery.

From the camp, in all directions, were conflicting trails, some towards, some away from the guide.

Konaluok declared positively that the the renegades had made a prolonged stop upon this identical spot, which was a favorite camping ground of caravans on the green flags, and that the leader with his prisoners had taken the path indicated by the boatswain, and that the captives had been unable to walk, or had been slain.

The guide was positive that the band had made straight for Brabanzo's village in the wooded country near the head of the river, and he pointed out the trail in the green gloom of the forest, looking half-fearfully into the tangled thickets, expecting at every step to look upon some fearsome sight —perhaps the mangled bodies of George Ruthven and his bride.

Konaluok asserted that he was perfectly familiar with the locality, and explained that he had once been a prisoner of the Tartar chief, and from this village he had been sent forth upon his Masegpa ride upon the back of a wild buffalo. It was during one of the periodical warfares between the native tribes, which were so frequent in the Empire.

The men pressed forward, eagerly, notwithstanding the sweltering heat, crossing the rude bridge, the same over which, hours before, George Ruthven had been borne to meet his awful doom.

It was a most primitive construction—merely two massive tapang logs thrown across at a point where the stream narrowed, and where a torrent of white water between the rocky walls, rising abruptly on either side to a height of twenty feet.

"Hallo-o-o-o! What's this?" called Elson Howard, as he stooped to pick up a tiny parasol of pink and black lodged between two of the logs.

"Great Odin!" exclaimed Fred Hazleton, "it is a vial which belonged to poor George. Yes," shaking it, "and in it is blood, 'contains some chemical preparation; he was always trying some experiment, and usually had his pockets stuffed with tiny vials and parcels.

"Proof positive that he has passed this point," cried Lieutenant Chilton; perhaps he dropped the vial over."

"I think not," returned Hazleton, "it was probably dropped by accident; he was a graduate of a medical college, but disliked the profession, and, having a predilection for chemistry, in which science he was proficient; his last experiment was——"

The sharp report of a rifle, a zip among the undergrowth close at hand, cut short the sentence.

"To cover!"

The whispered word of command came from the lieutenant, and was obeyed on the instant, the men dropping among the thick undergrowth, and were completely screened from view.

The movement was timely, for scarcely had the echoes of the branches ceased, when a wild buffalo came crashing through a bamboo thicket, the blood streaming from a wound in his shaggy breast, and staggered blindly forward, bellowing with pain and rage.

He had received his death-shot and with brute instinct of flight he reeled onward a dozen bounds, and plunged to the ground, the life-blood ebbing over the coarse, lush grass and rushes.

His great limbs quivered convulsively, then the huge unwieldy beast settled suddenly, with a last, almost human groan.

Following the trail of blood spattered upon the herbage, two natives rushed from the bamboo brake, halting as they caught sight of the dead buffalo, and exchanging a few words in the Chinese guttural.

To backs of both were towards the concealed Americans and the cliffs of at least two of the best marksmen in the American navy were aimed full at the naked brawny breasts of the savages, but the two sharpshooters would not fire unless their presence should become known by their enemies, lest the report should bring their foes in overwhelming numbers from the recesses of the forest.

Not for a moment would those brave men have hesitated to cope with a force triple their number, but they feared their presence might be reported at the village, and thus the object of their expedition be defeated.

Besides, Konaluok had warned them that at the first attempt at rescue, if discovered, the treacherous Tartar would slay the prisoners in the most barbarous manner.

Strategy must accomplish the release of the captives.

The growth beneath which the detachment was hidden was so dense as to afford a perfect screen for even the prying glances of the two natives who were rapidly stripping the game of its hide, and in a short time began to cut the flesh in convenient shape for transportation.

The work completed, one of the bandits approached the thicket beneath which the soldiers were crouching—a proceeding which sealed his fate.

Unfortunately for him, he found it difficult to secure a stick, or fork of wood to suit his purpose, near at hand, and as he moved through the brush his gleaming eyes suddenly met those of Lieutenant and Chilton. With a bound the intrepid young soldier was upon his feet, and before the heathen could utter a word, or draw a weapon, a powerful blow upon his temple dealt by the butt of a navy revolver, felled him to the earth, the thick stem of a sapling against which he plunged deadening the sound of the fall.

Simultaneously with the action of the Lieutenant, Ensign Howard darted from cover, and with a sweep of the cutlass he carried cleft the head of the remaining villager, who, totally unconscious of the presence of a foe, was bending over the pack of buffalo meat, across which he fell without a groan.

"Huh-uh! Americano kill quick!" growled Konaluok, approaching, "may be more Chinaman. Konaluok look in jungle; white boy be still—Konaluok come back while."

He stole away with the peculiar tread-like step, so silently that not even the rustle of a leaf betrayed his motion.

Silently as shadows the men awaited his return. Should he be captured this position would be critical in the extreme. In not the slightest knowledge of the country, with prowling bands of [illegible] lurking in the jungle on every well nigh impassable, at many points, no wonder their hearts beat with apprehension.

The guide was absent scarcely an hour when, as was his custom, he had silently stood before them without the slightest warning, and brought the welcome intelligence that the two brothers and the beautiful bride were doubtless quite alone.

"Tuan Howard, keep off, close Tartar's lake; now wait till [illegible] this village in shadow side [illegible] Konaluok stay while—when Tartar sleep get [illegible] face—find white man and bring him."

"You intend that you will hide so as to place you know of until the moon rises, then creep down to the edge of the river cover of the shadows, when we can attempt the rescue of the prisoners at the proper time."

"That him what Konaluok say," responded the Malay, with a flash of teeth.

At the point where they stood the river bank was thickly wooded, but a short distance to the left it was open to a perilous bluff, and here a tributary of the Tuna Ka poured its waters over the declivity, taking the leap in a waterfall of white foam and billowy bows.

"Where it fell into the stream below the waters boiled and seethed like a huge cauldron.

The guide led the way to the verge of the precipice, and cautiously let himself down to a rocky shelf scarcely three feet in width which extended quite to the verge of the fall, and sloping gradually to within a few feet of the surface of the river, just where the water began to whirl and eddy.

The shelf was so narrow that they followed the guide single file.

"Hide here till sun go away—not soldier—Konaluok and two—good—Konaluok jump white man jump—not 'fraid, water little where Konaluok jump—come."

He leaped boldly, directly through the thin sheet of water, a mere gauzy veil where it fell, and a curve upon the edge beside the face of a wall, which hid him from sight.

Without hesitation Frayne Chilton took the leap, followed in order by Ensign Howard, Hazleton and the soldiers.

Like human bullets they dashed through the misty curtain of water, almost a spray, without receiving the drenching they had half expected, and landed upon a bed of damp sand.

To their unbounded astonishment they found themselves in a cave, dimly lighted by a tiny cavern, probably washed out at some former period by the action of the water, but now dry and comfortable and deliciously cool and refreshing to the heated men, but not nigh suffocated them. The excavation was perhaps some ten feet in width and fully thirty feet in length, and rose to the roof of the cliff, ascending abruptly toward the surface of the earth.

The light penetrated in rainbow hues through the thin curtain of water which concealed the entrance from view.

"Nuther way get out," Konaluok explained, pointing to a patch of golden light quite at the extremity of the tiny cavern. "Big palm-tree grow over—Konaluok cut in tree—lightnin' make 'em hole—come."

They crept quickly, striding to their surprise, that an opening concealed by the trunk and roots of a shelter tree was directly to the water world upon the right bank of the stream at a few feet from the point where it fell over the bluff.

The light streamed down through a great gash in the trunk, probably struck by electric bolt, some ten feet above the surface of the earth.

"Now we to leave this queer hiding place without a ladder?" asked Fred, curiously looking at the orifice which appeared to be about three feet in diameter, of irregular shape, and ragged upon the edges.

"Go up like monkey—huh-uh! See?" returned the guide, placing his foot on a sharp stone inserted in the interior wall of the hollow trunk and grasping a second stone wedge driven deep in the wood, he drew himself up until his mighty face was on a level with the opening above.

"Konaluok make rocks give 'em—long time shoo-o-o-o!"

"How did you know of this place?" asked Fred, wonderingly.

"Buffalo run under tree—where Konaluok climb up and hide—Konaluok hear Tartar come, ah-h-sh, in bush. Konaluok 'fraid Tartar see 'em—Tartar pass 'em, and git in thick foot slip away—hoo! Konaluok fall down, break off big limb—he fall down, on sand down 'em," explained the Japanese, with a grimace.

"There is never a great evil without some small good," laughed Elson, "you refer to the time when you escaped from the Brabanzo on the back of the wild buffalo, I suppose?"

"At the time—Tartar not know 'em hole under water—Konaluok come here many times—find all want to know—sleep here one time—ssh! ssh! ssh!"

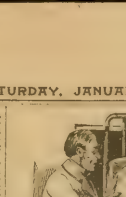
His residence ended in a warning hiss.

A crackling of twigs and the sharp swish of bamboo in the brake outside heralded the approach of man or animal and peering from his covert, Konaluok saw a party of half-a-dozen warriors whom he knew to be Boxers, who were rushing forward as if pursued and halting directly beneath the cave.

He listened attentively to their hurried, terror-stricken exclamations and waited patiently until they moved away, disappearing in the jungle. Then he descended nimbly, dropping to the soft bank of sand.

Boxer been up there," he whispered, Say War God bring fire from heart of volcano—burn Ihochunda."

This story of extraordinary scenes and actions in the far east will be continued through several issues revealing the customs and characteristics of the Chinese people, and showing the difficulty of foreign invasion of the Flowery Kingdom. All subscribers to the Ledger are sent patterns and cameras free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.



About the first thing the doctor says—How are your bowels?

Then, "Let's see your tongue."

Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep well.

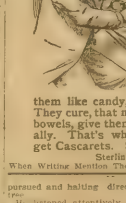
You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.

Now what you want is Cascarets.

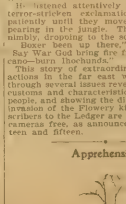
Go and get them today—Cascarets—in metal box—cost 10c. Eat them like candy, and they will work gently—while you sleep. They cure, that means they strengthen the muscular walls of the bowels, give them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. Cure guaranteed. Be sure you get Cascarets. Sample and booklet free. Address

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



Apprehensive.



Mean Advantage.

He—I am going to kiss you when I go. She—Leave the house at once.

Premature.

Inquiring Stranger—Do you love your teacher, little boy?

Scholar—Oh, yes, lady; but I don't think I can marry just yet.

Persons who cannot go to California for a little recreation this winter can stay at home and get vaccinated.

MOTHERS PERINE ... Sample Free. NO HEMOCYCO ...

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

916 CARDS ... All for 8 Cents. CROWTARDIO, Bellingham, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A HANDSOME MUSTACHE ... When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

5 A BARGAIN ... CHALMERS & CO. 350-360 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STEEL ROOFING ... INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN, Per Square, $2.85. PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, OHIO, KENTUCKY, WEST VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, Per Square, $2.50. Cost is less after Make and Application. A square means 100 square feet. Write for free Catalogue No. 900. CHICAGO ROOFING AND CORRUGATING CO., W. 25th and Iron Sts., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON ... 1730 Masonic Temple, - Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE PILLOW COVER ... BEAUTIFULLY STAMPED IN BRILLIANT COLORS ON HIGHLY COLORED LINEN COTTAGE CLOTH CONTAINING 504 SQUARE INCHES.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY ... CHICAGO. SPECIAL OFFER.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

EB NICKERSON'S SPOOK;

The Golden Giant With Diamond Eyes—A Thrilling Story for Old and Young.

By Orlando R. Mora.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 2, Jan. 11. Subscribers can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from our agents, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

"Diplomacy, my boy. Just a little jogtin' with facts to suit the needs of the occasion," explained Zeke Stebbins, "I was anxious to git aboard the horses an' be really ready to start before my pop or yer mom changed ther mind. Now, that we're ready to scoot an' they couldn't well stop us. I reckon you'll listen to my stories they say have to tell."

Why, Mr. Stebbins, is that right?" asked looking at the fruit tree agent re-

No . . . 'chin' but accordin' to Stebbins's trainin'," replied Zeke, without shame. "Now, Mrs. Bennett, as the true story about the Widder Bennett and her three daughters, Em gals, Dusty Bennett gals, Mrs. More."

"Fulfill me, Mr. Stebbins, to'ble," replied Mrs. More, thoughtfully, "but I must say they're a most high-headed and stylish family for me, Mr. Stebbins. You seem to have to come down to the fence an' tell about them, or else I'll have to ask Zeke to rein about tellin' yarns."

"Oh, I'll behave, Nancy. Abe Lincoln's stories was always to one particular p'int, an' you'n p'nts every which way at

"They do, deary, really. Well, . . . about the Widder Bennett and her . . . ers, you know, the Widder Bennett and her

Saul an' Barry said about our celebratin' Barry Bennett's birthday, Saul?" asked The Widder Bennett's three daughters is all right, you go, Jet as ye say, Mr. Stebbins, but one of 'em, Miss Nervy, is a oldern one, is pretty tart an' disagreeable about home and powerful grandpa always preach in' for the best o' everything, an' gittin' it. Widder Bennett an' her other daughters, 'Lizzy an' Em, are generally glad when Nervy's absent, specially when it goes away on some little trip. It gives 'em a perfect right to say. One day they knew she was goin' an' they was powerful glad. Nervy's absence an' felt so glad that they put their heads together an' agreed to have a nice chicken dinner just as soon after her departure as they could git things ready. Barry, he always got it on the table an' was goin' to set down an' enjoy it, in walks Miss Nervy, as big as life an' twice as awful. Nervy, she always got the broke down an' she couldn't git away till next day, so there was no chicken nor quiet celebration her mother and sisters had to have their dinner on the table.

"Say, ma," she said, when she come to the table an' sized up the chicken an' the looks of the Widder Bennett an' Miss Em an' Miss Lizy, is the day I go away always Thanksgivin' with you an' Lize an' Em?

"I reckon it is," says Widder Bennett, kind o' queer like, but laughin'. "I s'pose I wonder?"

"Well, ma, our little Ner . . . is the time for sure," said Mrs. Bennett's oldest daughter. An' she was, for she set down to that table an' put all the white meat of the little chicken an' all the drum-sticks an' things liked an' all the dressin' an' all the hearts that Em liked and the Widder Bennett's favorite part, the one that goes over the fence last right after the gravy.

"I red the gravy over it an' eat an' grinned an' got grinned at, an' Widder Bennett mother on her cookin' till that was nothin' more to it, an' then she smiled an' said she wasn't goin' away at all. The Widder Bennett's face fell a mile an' Nervy, she kinda seatin' so much could make her sick, but it didn't, an' they thought she'd never quit pratsin' that fowl. Ev'ry once in a while . . . to her hands an' say, 'Oh, ma, or 'Em or Lizzie, I'm afraid I'm goin' to be sick,' all there is to that story. But, Mr. Stebbins, you was a-tellin' about Barry's bein' Widder Bennett's first husband an' the owl that 'ud ticker you round, I reckon."

"It'll take ma an hour to tell that," whispered Zeke. "Good-by." Barry called out. "Good-by, ma," and they were off down the road.

CHAPTER VI.

A HALT FOR DINNER.

"Now, Zeke, as the two pros- . . . away, "I'd like to ask ye why . . . tell this iron gray hoss Spot, when that ain't a spot on him nowhere 's far 's I can . . .

Barry laughed.

"Dat's one o' ma's notions. She named Spot after a dead horse that really had a spot."

"Oh," said Zeke, "that shows a good trait in yer ma. She must 'a' been grateful to the dead hoss, eh, Barry?"

"If she was, I don't know what 'twas for. Pa says that hoss was lazy an' was spavined an' was ugly, always crib-bitin' an' kickin' an' never did nothin' to remember except to run away several times an' to git in the house once while we were away—it was when I was a baby, they say—an' threw up a lot o' chairs an' a table an' eat up two straw beds. Pa said when we came back the horse was rollin' on the floor an' laughin' an' laughin' like to bust. Ma said he was just full o' dust out o' the beds an' was a coughin' and a wheezin' bad enough to kill himself. Between 'em, I never could get at the right of the story.

"I reckon not," said Zeke. "Say, Barry," he added, thoughtfully, "I wonder if I really missed much by gittin' a bachelor."

"How can I tell? Anyhow, likely you wouldn't 'a' had to borrow a boy to go on chin tin with you if you'd got married," replied Barry, with a laugh. "Git up, Bill. G'lang! Say, how many days 'd it take us to git over beyond, where the mounds are?

"Four or five days, anyhow, Barry.

"Reg'lar travelin', ain't it, Zeke?"

"Well, sometimes like it. But it wont be excitin', I s'pose, like some o' the travelin I've done."

"I s'pose you've seen some strange sights, Zeke," suggested Barry, cunningly. "Why not tell me about some o' 'em? It 'ud be a good way to pass the time while we rode along. Git up, Bill.

G'lang, Spot." Zeke got right by Barry's side. "Say, Barry," he said, "I would tell ye some skeery stories o' hair-breadth escapes from folks that was bound not have trees while I was insistin' on their havin' a lot of 'em, but that wouldn't come under yer folks' rules for my conduct while you're with me. I'd have to talk about the fruit tree business, Reg'lar Barry, a missionary that sets out, pickers in hand, determined to make the whole country with trees at other people's expense takes his life right in his hands. He don't have a very good grip on it, either."

Why so?" asked Barry, leaning over and straightening out Bill's mane.

"'cause farmers are so easy to convince of the error of their ways. Sometimes it's one thing to hanker for a big, fine apple-tree 'long the road, like you find in California that ye read about, with apples redder 'n a gobbler's comb, an' about punkins an' melons that grow as big as ye ever on earth, not even in the Garden of Eden—but it's another proposition to pay a big price for a scrub-lookin' shrub that looks as likely for bearin' fruit as a last year's bird's nest. To carry such a transaction to a mountain satisfy'n finish requires a good deal o' stickin' an' nerve on the part o' the applettree man an' an impossible amount of cash on the part o' the farmer." My boy, it takes more faith an' resignation to deal with farmers than with the Hindoos. Intellectual an' business is business an' the cash for the fruit trees is the faith has to be closed an' ideals have to crumble. When you've got the right sort of a Pomona it's so agreeable as the agent, though he don't . . . re an' wipe the perspiration off . . . gone the farmer has to square himself with his wife an' big boys an' gals, an' sometimes with several neighbors that there was up ag'inst the same game an' take down in rubber. Then him to take out the smart of experiences of their own that they've had with agents, maybe in the night sleep. Sometimes the agent gits the worst of it, for farmers ain't all guileless jays, by a long shot, sometimes. But, a well-meanin' agent has to lay off of his shirt an' take the dein's of a fel o' sharks that's come an' got his money, with all sort o' games that he wouldn't dirty his hands with.

"Likely that's so," answered Barry, "anyhow, I don't want to be any kind of an agent. Why, pa laughs at 'em an' ma talks about 'em when they need a little bit of grist just to live an' breathe, to my nothin' about Widder Bennett's, so I'll just not do any hurt, Zeke, fer you to tell some o' your experiences. They're likely to make me still more satisfied bein' as I am now. So you see, you'd be doin' pa an' ma a favor by not tellin' me about 'em."

Zeke studied Barry's face with considerable impatience, shook his head in disgust, and descended a slight hill on the other side.

"I reckon I'll keep my promise to yer pa an' ma, Barry," he said, at length. "You see, I'm kinda fond o' you, an' I think you might make most anythin' of ye if ye should go to work. You might begin as a apprentice an' learn how to apply it to money-makin' purposes. Anyhow, my boy, that you might even become a lawyer."

And are lawyers so wicked?" asked Barry, with new interest.

"Well, lawyers git the cash for appletree men when they can't git it themselves, or they manage to make the farmers believe they're purty much shape an' are doin' only what circumstances force 'em to do. Then they hold up the appletree men for the cash an' git it an' git it an' git it. . . . Some of 'em's pretty . . . git it Uncle Sile Green's tavern in time fer grub an' rest."

. . . and Barry . . . I the ride through a narrow, winding valley, sometimes between sides of rock, sometimes between sides of rock, sometimes between sides of rock

Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

the Lord, an', Zeke, I've still got some o' that good old whitky, thank the Lord."

"Much obliged, Uncle Silo, but I ain't drinkin' this trip," said Zeke.

"Well, queer things is happenin' all the time," said Uncle Silo, drily. "Only the other day I was readin' in one o' them Boston papers that my brother in Bridgeport, Conn., sends out to me that some folks is scheduling the world to come to an end pretty quick now. Seems like matters is shapin' up for it, sure. Go long in an' the old woman 'll show ye what to hang up yer hats an' set down an' wait while she finishes knittin' a sock an' takes a nap an' reads one o' them continental stories in the New York Mer'kry. Say, Zeke, sometimes I wonder what some o' them fellers drink that make up them yarns—somethin' that stimulates the brain an' livens up the 'magination, I reckon. Go right in. I'll do the squar' thing by your beast, never fear."

CHAPTER VII.

TRIALS, SUFFERING AND SUSPENSE.

When Zeke Stebbins and Barry More entered the little wayside tavern they saw Mrs. Green—Aunt Amy was the name by which she was known to many—sitting before the fireplace, half obscured by a big paper which she read through her large, steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Howdydo, Aunt Amy," was Zeke's greeting.

"Saul says I'm like Abe Lincoln."

"My sakes, Mr. Stebbins, is that you?" she asked, letting the paper lop over until her old kindly face and blue eyes were exposed to the visitors' view. "I s'pose you're still seein' squirrels. Cap'n Minty loved that last tree you sold to him wuz goin' to turn out bad, but I don't know. If you sell a man a squar' tree an' it changes into a sumach tree I don't see how you can help it. Stranger things than that are happenin' in the Mer'kry every week."

"Ma'am, what do these days, Aunt Amy?" asked Zeke, "Set down an' make yerself to home, Barry."

"Bimeby, Mr. Stebbins, 'The Red Bearded Pirate of Panorama Bay; or, the Lovely Duchess and the Bold, Bad Man,' by Lieutenant Murry, leaves off in a very interestin' place, with the duchess locked in a stone dungeon and the pirate sittin' ready to blow it up to git the valyble papers she has concealed on her person. Law's! I can't hardly wait. Then that story by Emerson Bennett, 'The Perverted Maiden; or, Dread, the Deadly Dagger-Pusher,' stops just be Lady Constance is told that her father is charged with high treason and her lover and brother are to be drawn and quartered for treason to the state and she is goin' to be turned out into an awful snow storm to perish miserable in the wildwood. Listen to this, Mr. Stebbins. 'And as for you, cried the Duke de Dufferback, seizing the gentle and shrinking Lady Constance rudely by the shoulder and even threatening her with his bloody, sharp-edged sword, the same that but an hour before had severed the head of Sir Richard Hampo from his body, as for you, Lady Constance, you shall be cast this moment out into the storm to wander about the forest and freeze and starve or to die by the fangs of the bloodthirsty wolves. Go, go.' Then it says 'To be continued,' and I've got to wait a week. I s'pose I ought to bear up, though if this lovely Lady Constance can. Poor dear young lady, how she has suffered, suffered. To think, Mr. Stebbins, that such things can be. I s'pose likely you an' the boy 'll want something to eat. Jest warm ye a bit while I see what's happenin' to the Countess of Cleverton in 'The Terrible Fate of a Titled Lady; or, the Maniac Murderer of Manheim,' by Mrs. Irvington Irvine. 'Twont take me long."

"We're somewhat in a hurry, Aunt Amy," ventured Zeke, meekly.

"You men are always in a hurry," snapped the old woman as she settled down again to read. "Oh, that astronomical almanac hangin' thar by the winder fer yerself an' the comic almanac hangin' under the clock shelf for the boy an' try to be easy, or maybe you'd like to see some back numbers of the Mer'kry. Some o' the short stories in it are very harowin'."

"No', reckon the almanacs 'll do," replied Zeke, hoping that Uncle Silo would soon come and urge Aunt Amy to prepare for them some of the venison of which they had heard. He came in from the stable in about ten minutes.

"Thar, I've give yer hosses a good feed an' some water an' they're doin' splendid. Say, Amy, these folks is travelin' an' they be hungry. 'Trot around an' fry 'em some o' that deer steak; some good cuts, mind you now."

"Purty soon, Silas."

"But they want to eat an' git on, likely; travelers mostly do."

"Well, it's comfortable here, ain't it?" she asked, as if wondering why any one should pirate long enough to analyze it. Say, Amy, how is the young couple gittin' along that was both swallowed by the same whale an' set up housekeepin' in his hold, burnin' a wick stuck into his bubber for light an' cookin' steaks sliced off'n his surfine. They was awful happy last week. I reckon they have got to quarrelin' by this time, for I recollect the young woman was beginnin' to long for a manner, an' I seemed to me it was a most hopeless aspiration; but 'most anything's possible to them professional liars that write for the Mer'kry."

"I guess that's so, Silas. I ain't read that story yet this paper. It's called 'Love on the Ocean Blue.'"

"I reckon the whale blew, too, Amy. Now, git these folks somethin' to eat."

"In a minute, Silas. You 'roused my curiosity to jest take one peep at that story." She seized the Mer'kry again and went to the window with it and was soon looking up and down the columns of the surveyed installment of "Love on the Ocean Blue."

"Oh, my!" she said, nodding her head; "Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my! Silas, the whale is jest on the p'int o' takin' a drink. I'm afraid the poor lovers 'll be swamped."

"Likely they will be, Aunt Amy," said Zeke, laughing. "But it's better than bein' (Continued on page fifteen.)

FUR COLLARETTE FREE

DON'T PAY OUT your good money for a beautiful Fur Collarette, when you can get a Handsome Fur Collarette, and a Beautiful Ladies' Solitaire Rivetless Watch Free. This is a honest and liberal proposition, we want good active lady agents to introduce our goods, and are willing to give them a Watch and Collarette free. We mean exactly what we say, and will send you the Watch and Collarette as advertisement of our fast selling Jewelry Novelties, such as Scarf and Stick Pins, Cuff and Collar Pins and Buttons, Hat Pins, Belt Buckles, Fobs, Chains, Etc. Our Collarette is a beauty, it is beautiful Black Canadian Coney Fur, 12 inches wide, 20 inches long, with six handsome tails and a beautiful Ladies' Watch with fancy dial, stem wind and stem set metal front decorated, which we will give away FREE for selling one of these Collarettes. Write us at once, as we have only a few left to give away. Address: NATIONAL MERCANTILE CO., Dept. 709 EAST SAINT LOUIS, ILLINOIS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE HOME CURE PAINLESS AND PERMANENT A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE

Don't become addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium, Laudanum or Whiskey. Don't suffer the tortures of the nerves and physical system and thus invite the cravings. Confidential correspondence invited from all. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 40 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE FARMS

The New Homestead Law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 15 cents for new book containing the new homestead law, United States land laws, and description of government lands subject to homestead entry. Also state in which you desire to locate and send by same mail. Address, Lincoln, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Every man or woman entitled to a free farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timbered lands of Washington, the prairie lands of the Northwest, or the fertile lands of the South. Don't delay. Write today. Enclosing 15 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 LEWIS BLOCK, PITTSBURG, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BARGAIN DAY!

100,000 Old Subscribers pay 25c. per year. New subscribers never on our list before given One Year Trial for 10 CENTS FIRST YEAR ONLY. Published 17 years. No free circulation. No samples. Clean high class advertising. No premiums. 32 large pages, 3 columns to page. Fine paper. Printed in colors. Highest grade of fiction and illustrations. Up-to-date fashion and departments. Other monthlies no finer or better $1.00 per annum. Only 50,000 accepted at this rate this year. Offer may be withdrawn any day. 10 cents silver or stamps for first year only. Address today

WOMAN'S WORLD, D, CHICAGO, ILL.

60 PER CENT OFF TODAY

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends $1.00 to this office within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. THE CAMERA IS FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of the best in Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other publication can equal its fiction and humor or on the subject of outdoor work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

Saved From Pitiful Sin.

(Continued from page five.)

"And if you win," said Taine, "you'll have a good start toward a good fortune without any speculation, don't you see? You ought to be willing to run the risk if I am, for luck is all on your side and experience says you have got over a chance of winning to my one. Don't refuse me this last chance."

"It wouldn't hardly be a fair shake, by pokus," exclaimed Jonathan, and then contemplatively he began to shuffle the cards. When he laid them down, he put his money in—every cent of his original nine hundred and five dollars and his winnings—beside Taine's money.

As he saw the wealth before him the gambler smiled his characteristic, unsoaring smile, and Jonathan thought it was a grim smile of despair; and the two men began carefully and coolly to play the game that was to ruin one of them.

When they had finished, Tubbs' face was as pallid as that of a corpse, and Kingley Taine, looking at him with triumph in his eyes, saw him tremble, then almost reel.

Taine scraped the money up quickly and put it in his pocket. Then the lank form of the farmer straightened up as if it had been set on springs, and Tubbs confronted Taine with an angry, despairful look, at which the gambler laughed.

"Luck's turned," said Taine, with a sneer. "How about your speculation, Mr. Tubbs?"

"You've been foxy in all along," said Jonathan, hotly. "You've cheated me, and if your luck's never changed back I'll tell the Vigilantes what I know, and you'll hang with the rest."

Taine laughed again, derisively. Then he darted his powerful arm forward, and, with a prolonged cry of terror, Jonathan Tubbs shot over into the ravine.

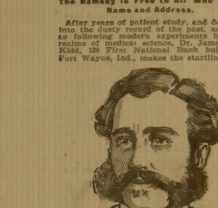
Sick Made Well Weak Made Strong.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed — The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 128 First National Bank building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. Success is also with the old of a mysterious compound, known only as himself, produced as the result of many years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving nation. So sure may and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no room for doubt of the earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures made by its daily efficacy seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advanced is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to every sufferer who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince all doubters of its cure, as this is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The sick have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart trouble, kidney, blood and liver diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today, it is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

CHAPTER XV.
WAS IT A SPIRIT?

The faint light of the dawning day streamed in through the windows of the old log tavern, when old Electa Wink awoke at last from her drunken sleep. She had been aroused by something—something that she knew not what, until it was repeated. Then she rose with a start and made her way slowly and with some difficulty, for her limbs were stiff and too much weakened by her late debauch to bear the weight of her cumbersome body steadily, toward the door of the room that led to the right of the landing to the second story.

Before she had half-way upstairs the sound was again repeated and rung for the third time through the old tavern.

These cries were wild and terrible, like that which, issuing from the lips of the phantom face that Kingley Taine and Jonathan Tubbs had seen pressed against the chamber window, had a few hours before startled the two men.

Soon Electa Wink paused a minute before a strong door at the head of the flight of stairs and began fumbling about in the pocket of her dress. She uttered an oath, and presently drew forth a heavy iron key which she fitted to the lock, as she did so, the wild, unearthly yell rung again in her ears, minaled with the clanking sound of chains and fetters.

In a minute she swung the door open and stood within it. Her eyes, accustomed this silence in the old tavern was almost oppressive, and the old woman's face, by the light of the dawning day, half running, half gliding across the room to the bedside in the bushes beyond.

When Kingley Taine came early in the afternoon, determined to wrench from old Electa Wink her knowledge of the death of Madge Montour, he saw her lying cold in death in the little back room, her pallid face scarred and disfigured and deeply gashed by some hard, ponderous weapon with which, apparently, she had been brained.

"I can't tell you anything about it," said Tom Gary, when Taine questioned him. "Harney Harmon wasn't hurt very bad and just before daylight I went over with him, and with a little assistance from me he walked very well. When I left him he was nearly sun-up, and I found old Electa upstairs dead."

"Don't you know what killed her?" asked Taine, eyeing him keenly.

"I've told you everything I know about it," replied Gary, in a dogged way. "I was not here and I didn't see her killed."

Taine laid his hand on Gary's arm and fixed his eyes still more keenly upon the counterfeiter's face.

"There's something else you haven't told me," he said. "Have you no idea how she came to her death?"

Gary shook his head.

Taine did not speak again for a moment or two, but he kept his hand on Gary's arm and, by and by, said suddenly and sharply:

"You had a fight with somebody."

"So people say," said Gary.

"Did you ever see anything like ghosts here?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear any strange sounds here?"

"No," Gary answered, quickly. "You don't believe all the trash people tell about this place, do you, Kingley Taine? Such folks scare at their own shadows."

"I was never much of a believer in ghosts," replied Taine, "but I don't want to talk about what I believe, but what you know. Didn't he—you have heard strange noises here and you know it."

"Nothing very queer," Gary said, evasively. "What kind of noises do you mean?"

"I mean a wild, unearthly, terrible cry that rung through this old hall twice last night after I went away. You heard it and so did I, and I saw what made it. It came from a white, ghastly thing up in the north chamber, and I don't believe it was a ghost, either."

Gary paled a little and then recovering his composure, he asked, quickly:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes," then he added, sternly, "and I want to know who—what it was?"

"People say it's a ghost. I've been seen before," Gary returned, still evading the question.

"No more of your beating round the bush," said Taine, "I want you to talk business. I've told you what I saw, and you know that this ain't that old hag's picture. Now, what was it?" and he added, pointing to the rigid form of old Electa with one hand, while with the other he held up to Gary's gaze the golden locket which contained the pictured face of Madge Montour.

CHAPTER XVI.
TAINE'S MESMERIC POWER.

"How did you come by that and when did you get it?" asked Gary, reaching out his hand for the locket that contained the portrait of Madge Montour.

"None of your business. Hands off!" exclaimed Taine, authoritatively. "Didn't you tell me when you told me that was a picture of old Electa when she was young?"

"It's just one of her jokes," replied Gary. "Time and time again I've heard her tell stories that stopped here that it was her picture—and that was one of them. So call her the 'flower of the valley.'"

Taine clutched Gary's arm and said, savagely:

"Mind your eye, Tom Gary. I don't care to have you pass off any more of your second hand jokes on me. No more funny talk, if you please. Understand?"

While he was speaking, the gambler kept his dark, searching eyes fixed steadily on the counterfeiter's. Gary's eyes wavered under Taine's compelling gaze, which the counterfeiter lacked the mental strength to meet boldly and unflinchingly. Taine was beginning to exert his mesmeric power.

"Keep your optics steady," he commanded. "Look me straight in the eyes."

Then it appeared that the stronger man had imparted part of his strength to the weaker one; for Gary's eyes, which had been roving and unsteady before, fixed themselves in an unflinching gaze on those of Kingley Taine.

Casting a quick glance before him, Taine noticed a chair standing in one corner of the room near old Electa.

Gary's eyes had never left his face and he said, looking keenly and steadily at him and motioning toward the chair.

"Sit down there."

Gary obeyed unquestioningly and with alacrity.

"Now, I am going to ask you some questions," said Taine, standing up before him. "And I want you to answer me the truth—I command that you do so."

Gary's eyes were fixed and staring and when he spoke it was like one in a dream, slow and with a monotonous, half-lifeless intonation.

"Yes."

"Did you ever see Madge Montour?"

"I don't know."

"Where picture is this?" Holding the locket up before him.

"It is Madge—I never knew any other name."

"So far so good," thought Taine. "Just what she said last night."

He drew nearer to Gary.

"Is it Madge Montour.—Did you ever see Madge?"

"Yes."

"Where did you see her first?"

"Outside in the snow—it was cold."

Taine made a few mysterious passes up and down before the counterfeiter's face and Gary's eyes closed and relaxed and tried to button his coat about him, but his hands shook and trembled. Then he sat with his chattering teeth, breathing hard like a man chilled almost to death.

"Was it very cold?" asked Taine.

"Yes—ye-es—just as 'tis now," Gary answered, shivering. "It was cold—cold—cold."

The day was very warm and the hot sunshine streamed in through the windows and over the form of the shivering counterfeiter, covering the air within the close room oppressive, almost sickening, and yet he shivered and his teeth chattered and he trembled like one in an ague fit.

"When did you first see Madge?" went on Taine.

Gary was silent a moment, trying to think.

"Let me think—let me count the years; it was, it was—yes, it was in the winter of '87—no, no, the month, then drew himself inside of his coat as if trying to shield himself from a biting, cold wind.

"Just a year after she went away from here," thought Taine. "That was seventeen years ago last winter. I see it all now—just how she looked, with her baby in her arms. I see it all as plainly as if it happened only yesterday. I thought that last night that she had come to suicide or perished in the storm that night and that the baby died, too. She was not found dead. I never thought she would take it so to heart; but, it was her child, and the mother—I've always thought that she would cry a little and keep on clinging to me, but she had done better, but, I did not know her."

Then he went on questioning Gary. He was shivering in the winter. He paused a moment and half smiled to see Gary shivering in the winter. Seventeen years ago, in the cold and storm outside your door?"

Gary's teeth rattled so that he answered with great difficulty, and the words were broken, well nigh unintelligible.

"Yes, before my door, in the winter, more than sixteen years ago."

Taine made a few passes with his hand, and then asked as a sharp sweep over Gary's face:

"Do you feel warmer now?"

"Yes."

"Tell me everything you know about Madge, then, and this night up to the present time," said Taine, in a tone of command. "Tell me all and tell me the truth."

"Yes," answered Gary; then, like one talking in a state of somnolency, he went on, while Kingley Taine, still keeping his keen eyes fixed on him, listened with rapt attention:

"Myself and old Electa and Harney Harmore were all sitting around the fire here in this very room last night—"

"Stop!" said Taine, suddenly, interrupting him with a quiet motion of the hand. Listening a moment, he heard sound as of some one walking in the outer room.

This thrilling story, dealing with strange characters and wild adventures, will be continued next week. Free cameras and free patterns are given to all subscribers to the Ledger. See pages thirteen and fifteen.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

His Nerve.

He had called on a Fifth avenue physician, but found that the doctor was not professionally. As he took the prescription he said:

"I suppose, doctor, how much do I owe you?"

"Two dollars."

"I'm sorry I can't pay you today. You won't mind waiting a week or two?"

"No; that's all right."

"And, doctor, how much will this prescription cost?"

"About one dollar."

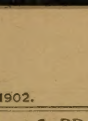
"But, doctor, you couldn't loan me a dollar to get it with, could you? I'm dead broke."

"Yes, I can," said the astonished physician, said the physician. He took it, examined it, then erased a line.

"I had prescribed something for your nerve," he said, "but I see you don't need it."

Land and a Living

Are cheap in the new south. Land 12 to 25 per acre. Low rates twice a month. Queen & Crescent route. Free books and maps. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.



BRASS BAND
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Free Catalog, 600 illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. LYON & HEALY, 53 Adams St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$300 Sanitas Cost money for $1,000 for 50 cents. Sanitas Co., E. HAWELL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRY Monthly paper. Best published, with photos, free, for 10c. The Bee Co., Lebanon, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS SUIT Free and postal for particulars. Globe Trading Co., 324 Dearborn St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

C.S.A. MONEY Circulars free. Address P. E. Hall & Co., Cheney, Box 31, Normal, Chic.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Dice LOADING DICE EXPOSED, WITHOUT CHEMICALS OR APPARATUS. Sent by mail, 25c. Jas. L. Jones, Norwood, Ohio. Cards
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TAPE-WORM REMOVED WITH HEAD, GUARANTEED. Pamphlet free. DR. E. E. SMITH, 1164 Broadway, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CARD PLAYERS Learn what you want. Catalogue free. Box 1, Station O, Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HANDSOME Young widow without children or encumbrances, worth $10,000, wishes to correspond with husband hereafter. Address Grace, 325 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRY Lady of Means wishes to marry; Protestant; worth $50,000; handsome; no objection to widow. Address, Box 1, Ledger.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$10,000 ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED [illegible] Address THE PILOT, 3, Indian K. Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET MARRIED Many very beautiful and wealthy. Send 10c. and receive 100 addresses and 72 p. ill. Gems. Interstate Agency, "old. New Jersey, No. 419 Austin, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED MEN to learn barber trade. Only eight weeks required; $20 monthly paid guaranteed. Tools furnished. Write for free catalogue. Moler Barber College, 444 State St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC LANTERNS STEREOPTICONS AND VIEWS for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, for Illustrating Lectures. Sunday Schools. Also profitable for men with little capital to make money. 200 page catalogue free.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Man's Mission on Earth
Medical Book Free.
"Know Thyself," a book for men only; regular price $1.00; sent free, sealed in plain wrapper, to any male reader of this paper who will send his address to the Peabody Medical Institute, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass. Established in 1860, the oldest and best known American institute for the cure of Nervous Diseases. Write to Health and Happiness."
EDITOR'S NOTE Medical Institutes has been a first class reliable institution for many years and an American Gold.
The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A POSITIVE CURE
FOR MEN ONLY WITHOUT MEDICINE
Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies
Will Cause Obstruction to Cease.
No Nauseous Doses. Price $1.50.
Sent by Druggists. Send for Circular.
Address J. C. ALLAN CO., P. O. BOX 2066, - NEW YORK
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Stricture
CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP IN FIFTEEN DAYS.
GRAN-SOLVENT CRAYONS will dialodge, digest and forever cure Stricture in 15 days, no matter how long standing. Price $1.00.
ENLARGED PROSTATE GLAND, strengthened and entirely cured. Nothing forever equaling Drains and Emissions! Sensation in three days. Restores lost manhood, vitality and vigor, making owner strong as ever. Cures in 30 days. Send for book free. Address, GRAN-SOLVENT CRAYON CO., 1 Times Building, New York City.

VARICOCELE
is cured by the Magic Suspensory Appliance and the Prostate Gland.
VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED TREATISE FREE.
ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASS'N,
19 St. James Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DO YOU WEAR A SHIRT?
Do You Want to . . .
Save Fifty Dollars Yearly?
You wear a shirt and you wish to save money. Then send us your name on a postal card and we will send you free a book entitled "Shirt Reasons," which tells you how to measure, tells defects in and improvements on all kinds of shirts, having a 100-thread linen-finish muslin that will not wash yellow, tells how to order shirts by mail, and how we have been doing it since 1865. Address GEO. FROST CO., Boston, Mass.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

starved to death. Think o' me an' Barry."

"Who's Barry?" she asked, abstractedly. "This young chap with me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, blankly.

"The boy's hungry," said Uncle Sile.

"Likely, Silas, all boys are always hungry."

She folded the Mer'kry carefully and put it under the cushion of her chair. Soon Zeke and Barry smelled cooking meat and began to indulge hope of prolonged existence. In half an hour they were invited to Uncle Silas' board.

As she poured the tea, Aunt Amy's face took on an expression of deep gloom.

"What's the matter now?" asked Uncle Silas.

"A week's so pesky long when you're in suspense," she said, slowly. "Besides, what if the stage driver should forgit the Mer'kry next week. What 'ud I do, Silas?"

"I reckon you'd do more than you'd do if he shouldn't forget it," replied the old man, raspingly, as he looked through the window down the road.

"Constable Prim's a comin," he said.

This rattling story of mystery and adventure will be continued in next week's Ledger. All subscribers are entitled to free cameras and free packages as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Beauty and Intellect.

It has often been said that only plain women are intellectual—that beauty and intellect are rarely found in one person. It really seems as though beautiful women were born to be happy, and plain women to be clever in some way or other. In this inheritance of beauty and brains, the beautiful woman seems to have the best of it, for there is a chance of her developing mentally.

No matter how clever and intellectual a woman is, deep down in her heart she has a longing to look beautiful in the sight of man. She wishes to be of strong, noble, independent character; but she also wishes to be lovely.

To be a great woman, mentally, is to be admired, respected, and revered. To be a beautiful woman is to be worshiped—and how well all women love worship.

By beauty we do not mean mere superficial color or form. We have in mind the deeper meaning of the word—a sweetness of feature, a kindness of expression, betokening a loveliness of disposition.

Beauty, then, is the life-banner of the happy woman, and, after all, is the world so very ridiculous in its love of beautiful women, and are the women so very foolish in their choice of this pleasing attribute?

A Deaf, Blind and Dumb Genius.

What patient, persistent application can do is illustrated in the case of young Orris Benson. His wonderful requirements have attracted attention several years. When he was only three years old, he suffered from a sickness that left him deaf, blind and dumb. At eight years of age he was taken into the State institution for Deaf Mutes in New York city, and for the past ten years has made most wonderful progress. He has learned to speak, though not to moderate his voice, has acquired full command of a large vocabulary, can understand all that is said to him in the sign language, can carry on wonderfully well limitations of things he never saw; make mechanical toys with perfect adjustment and can work the typewriter with speed and accuracy. In fact, though not so proficient as marvelous Helen Keller, he bids fair to become a successful rival in history, arithmetic, geography, grammar, etc. But a comparison of either with the other would be invidious, as both are possessed of what is so rare in this world—that is, genius which can be judged by no ordinary standards. Their brief careers are unique, and the world is indebted to the noble men and women who have been their patient teachers for the revelation of their accomplishments.

How He Knew His "White Folks."

One of the old-time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house. "If yo' please, sah," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't yo' gib a pore soiled man work ter do, or sompin' ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, mister, very sorry, but I have nothing for you."

Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brownstone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began, "Boss, I is starvin'. Can't yo' gimme some victuals?"

"You darned, black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman, "how dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the backyard way to the kitchen and the cook'll give you something, you blacken——"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming: "Thank de Lawd, I foun' mah own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I foun' 'em!"

A Mind Reader.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling, and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient, "I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady. "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

Puzzled.

Uncle Biggs—Well, Ethel, what are you starting at?

Ethel—Huh! Mamma told me to come in and sit on your lap till dinner was ready!

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They are cut from the sizes from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired—third, unless you do so we cannot tell what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

4014 GRADUATED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22 - 30 WAIST

4007 7-GORED PETTICOAT 22-30 WAIST

3999 SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST

4016 FANCY BLOUSE 32 TO 40 BUST

4003 FANCY BLOUSE 32-40 BUST.

3996 GRLS' COSTUME 6-12 YEARS

4013 FANCY WAIST, 32-40 BUST

4017 ETON BLOUSE 32-40 BUST

3997 ETON JACKET 32-40 BUST

4011 LOUIS XVI COAT 32-40 BUST

4012 EVENING WAIST 32-40 BUST.

3998 MOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST.

Cures Weak Men Free

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME FOR ALL.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs in full size and vigor. Simply send your name and

L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 273 Holt Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity.

"Dear Sir—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly as I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is known to work me. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

BOOKS Thrill, Curio and Romance. For men. 1 hour life-analysis, for 5c. stamp. Sex 6, Harlequin, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BRUNETTE OF 27, also Miss of 19, wish to correspond with Gentleman, with a view to marriage. Send stamp for par. Will send photo for 10c. Lock Box 2 Clifford, Ill

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Big Money Make at home. Print postcards, &c., with a $5 Press. Larger size for circulars, books, newspapers, $15. Typesetting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for samples, catalogue of cards, type, press, &c., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN AND WOMEN

CURE YOURSELF!

Big G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural Discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 1 cent out of every 4 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it to-day.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I could like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,

Name.....

Street..... Town.....

Date..... State.....

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

MIDGET'S ADVENTURE.

Papa and Mamma Fido were curled up cozily in their kennel in the back yard, sound asleep for the night, when they were disturbed by a sharp bark, which seemed to come from just outside the door.

Papa Fido moved uneasily in his sleep, but Mamma Fido sprung up at the first sound, her hair all awry and her nightcap slipping down over her shoulders.

"What was that" she asked, excitedly.

"Oh, nothing," answered Papa Fido, sleepily. "Maybe one of the neighbors who has forgotten his key, and can't get in, is calling his wife. Come back to bed; I'm cold."

"Bow-wow-wow! Let me in!" came from the outside.

"I do declare, it's Midget!" exclaimed Mamma Fido. "Why, Midget, where have you been so late?" she asked, as a woebegone little dog stepped sheepishly when she opened the door.

"Oh, don't ask me any questions, but get me something to eat, mamm," he began. "And see, my paw's cut, and I am black and blue all over. Oh, I've had a dreadful time!"

"You poor fellow! But where have you been?" again asked Mamma Fido, beginning to lick the injured paw.

"I'll tell you all about it, but I'm hungry. Isn't there anything left from supper?" cried Midget.

"Only some bones your father and I had," his mother replied. "We were pretty hungry and ate everything up. I am afraid. Here they are."

"Is that you, Midget? What do you mean by staying out until nine o'clock?" called Papa Fido, from his bed.

"Well, I started away for a walk this afternoon with Ruby, next door," Midget began, as he licked up the last bit of food. "We went to the park, and there the lake was full of the prettiest little fish you ever saw; all over yellow and glistening gold.

"We went up and began playing with them. Ruby wanted to catch one and eat it, but I didn't dare do that. The little things would swim right up to us, then dart away before we could so much as touch them. But it was lots of fun, and we were having a splendid time when a stone came singing through the air, and hit me on the back. We looked up, and there was a big man, all in blue, with a white hat upon his head, running towards us and shouting as loud as he could. I tell you, we were frightened and ran off as fast as we could."

"Oh, Midget!" said Mamma Fido, "those were the park gold-fish, and the man was a policeman. You might have been killed to the dog pound. I was very wrong in you to play with the gold-fish."

"Well, I didn't know. Anyway, Ruby was not hurt, and he ran so fast that I lost him and haven't seen him since. Through the park I ran, never looking to see where I was going, and the first thing I knew I came out on a long street just filled with horses and carriages and men and boys. I was so frightened that I ran right under the feet of a horse. But I wasn't hurt; I got this cut in my foot by stepping on a piece of glass."

"Poor dear, poor dear," said Mamma Fido, licking the injured paw.

"Well, I was more frightened than ever then," said Midget. "I dodged in and out between the people on the sidewalk, who looked at me and began to run, too, yelling out something about being mad. But I wasn't angry a bit, only scared, and kept on running my best. As I went along, some boys threw stones at me and one of them struck me and I guess may back hurt some.

"Another man in blue appeared right in front of me. I saw him in time to avoid a blow he aimed at me with a big stick, and scurried into a doorway that I found at hand. The door opened into a room filled with ladies who were standing around a long glass case in which were hats and ribbons. As soon as I appeared they ran away from me in all directions, screaming and shouting something more about being mad.

"Someone shut the door and I couldn't get out, so I kept running around and around the room, the women getting out of my way and making an awful racket, and the men chasing me with brooms, pokers, sticks and anything they could find.

"I must have been in there five minutes, which seemed as many hours, when I spied another door and darted through that. This led me into a side street where everything looked peaceful and quiet. I was so tired that I just dropped behind a big box I saw there and thought I would die. The crowd followed me out of doors, but they supposed I had gone on down the street, and passed by my hiding place all unconscious of how near I was.

"I lay there until I felt rested and had recovered from my fright, then I thought of home. I was lost, marm, and would never have seen you again, only I met Mr. Bernard, who lives next door and he showed me the way."

"Oh, dear, what a time you have had," cried Mamma Fido. "You have escaped death by the merest chance, and I hope that this will be a lesson to you to stay at home. Why, the people thought you were mad, and if they could have caught you, Midget, you would never have come back to us. But come to bed, now," said Mamma Fido.

This Midget was glad to do, and so weary was he that he fell asleep as soon as his head touched his pawn.

Honors in Store for Malcolm.

The dignities that confront the elder brother are usually appalling to the small sister, and there is a little girl in Columbus, Ohio, who has been giving to the subject much careful attention, at the Despatch bears witness. She electrified the family at breakfast by announcing:

"Next year Malcolm will be a lawn-mower. I wonder why they call him that?"

"A lawn-mower?" echoed the astonished mother. "What do you mean?"

"That is what you told me," replied the child, gravely. "This year he was a freshman. Next year he'll be a lawn-mower, and then a janitor and then a senior. And then he'll graduate."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Oh, mamma, look at the rabbit!" exclaimed little Margie, as she watched the peculiar twinkle of the animal's features. "Every time he smells anything he stutters with his nose."

"Look at the pretty new moon, Freddie," said a mother to her 4-year-old hopeful.

"That ain't no new moon," replied the little fellow, "that's an old broken one."

"Can any of you tell me what an altar is?" asked the Sunday school superintendent, addressing the juvenile class.

"I can," replied a little tot. "An altar is a thing what they burn insects on."

Small Mabel had received a parental injunction to remember at least one thing the minister said at church and upon her return home exclaimed: "I remember something!"

"That's right, dear," rejoined her father. "Now, tell me what the minister said."

"He said," replied Mabel, "'A collection will now be taken out.'"

Aunt Mary—What are you racing up and down the street in that manner for, Johnny?

Johnny—Oh, I'm just practicing so I can outrun papa.

Aunt Mary—Why, what do you want to outrun your papa for?

Johnny—Cause he said it wouldn't be good for me if he caught me near the circus.

A Natural Mistake.

The Professor—Yes: a caterpillar is the most voracious of living things. In a month it will eat about six hundred times its own weight.

Deaf Mrs. Earnot—Whose boy did you say he was?

A Clock of Bicycles.

Alphonse Duhamel of Paris has made a timepiece that stands twelve feet high and is composed entirely of bicycles or their component parts.

The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, around which are arranged twelve ordinary-sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tires. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel-plated spokes.

The top of the clock is an arrangement of twelve handle-bars. The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle bells, of course, making the chimes. The pendulum is made of a bicycle wheel, and the pendulum-rod of various parts of a bicycle frame.

It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece. It is to adorn one of the public buildings of Paris.

A Clever Dog.

A peasant sold fourteen sheep and he agreed with the buyer that the dog which had accompanied the flock should form part of the purchase. Mixing up the sheep with some 130 others, the buyer left with them and the dog for his village, some distance away. Night came on, and the dog decided to turn back. He managed, unnoticed, to sort out the fourteen sheep and to safely escort them back to their old quarters. Since then the sheep have been handed over again, but the dog has been retained.

Dogs That Don't Bark.

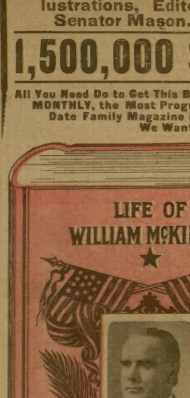
There are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed dog" of Tibet.

WE MAKE YOU A PRESENT FREE
Of This Valuable Book

3 Pounds of Interesting History; 500 Pages, Cloth Bound, 50 Illustrations, Edited by Bishop Fallows; Introduction by U. S. Senator Mason. "A Book That Will Live for All Time."

1,500,000 SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1902

All You Need Do to Get This BOOK FREE Is to Take an interest in the Future Success of BOYCE'S MONTHLY, the Most Progressive, the Best Edited, the Most Interesting, the Most Up-to-Date Family Magazine in the World. A Bargain That Is Fair to You and Fair to Us. We Want You to Have This Grand Literary Work Free.



Exact size of Book is 7x9 inches and 2 inches thick.

The editors of Boyce's Monthly now have but one ambition that they want to see realized. They want Boyce's Monthly to have a million readers, and a half this coming year. By giving the biggest money's worths and printing the most interesting stories and articles will do it. We feel sure that our ambition will soon be realized. Let us tell you that Boyce's Monthly is going to be the best ever. Remember this is not a boast, but a statement. We will mention of the greatest features in January, February and March issues in this paper. All the features of the paper that have always been so popular will be continued, and many new ones added. Boyce's Monthly will be filled with bright, snappy stories of love and adventure, stories for boys and stories for girls. Household Matter, fashions, music and articles of current topics. There will be something for every member of the family; serious matter and funny stories, illustrations of styles and fashions, etc., etc. And now we are coming to the big feature in Boyce's Monthly for this new year.

"The Life of William McKinley."

And now, before we tell you how you can get us to send you the book free, let us tell you about the book itself, so you will see that it is well worth having. The book is entitled "The Life of William McKinley," and is the work of the well-known author, Col. Murat Halstead, assisted by other writers of note. Beginning with his early life, the book tells the entire story of the great statesman's career, down to the present time, and gives the history of his administration. All the features of the paper that have always been so popular will be continued, and many new ones added. Boyce's Monthly will be filled with bright, snappy stories of love and adventure, stories for boys and stories for girls. Household Matter, fashions, music and articles of current topics. There will be something for every member of the family; serious matter and funny stories, illustrations of styles and fashions, etc., etc. And now we are coming to the big feature in Boyce's Monthly for this new year.

"The Life of William McKinley."

And now, before we tell you how you can get us to send you the book free, let us tell you about the book itself, so you will see that it is well worth having. The book is entitled "The Life of William McKinley," and is the work of the well-known author, Col. Murat Halstead, assisted by other writers of note. Beginning with his early life, the book tells the entire story of the great statesman's career, down to the present time, and gives the history of his administration. All the features of the paper that have always been so popular will be continued, and many new ones added. Boyce's Monthly will be filled with bright, snappy stories of love and adventure, stories for boys and stories for girls. Household Matter, fashions, music and articles of current topics. There will be something for every member of the family; serious matter and funny stories, illustrations of styles and fashions, etc., etc. And now we are coming to the big feature in Boyce's Monthly for this new year.

"The Life of William McKinley."

And now, before we tell you how you can get us to send you the book free, let us tell you about the book itself, so you will see that it is well worth having. The book is entitled "The Life of William McKinley," and is the work of the well-known author, Col. Murat Halstead, assisted by other writers of note. Beginning with his early life, the book tells the entire story of the great statesman's career, down to the present time, and gives the history of his administration. All the features of the paper that have always been so popular will be continued, and many new ones added. Boyce's Monthly will be filled with bright, snappy stories of love and adventure, stories for boys and stories for girls. Household Matter, fashions, music and articles of current topics. There will be something for every member of the family; serious matter and funny stories, illustrations of styles and fashions, etc., etc. And now we are coming to the big feature in Boyce's Monthly for this new year.

"The Life of William McKinley."

And now, before we tell you how you can get us to send you the book free, let us tell you about the book itself, so you will see that it is well worth having. The book is entitled "The Life of William McKinley," and is the work of the well-known author, Col. Murat Halstead, assisted by other writers of note. Beginning with his early life, the book tells the entire story of the great statesman's career, down to the present time, and gives the history of his administration. All the features of the paper that have always been so popular will be continued, and many new ones added. Boyce's Monthly will be filled with bright, snappy stories of love and adventure, stories for boys and stories for girls. Household Matter, fashions, music and articles of current topics. There will be something for every member of the family; serious matter and funny stories, illustrations of styles and fashions, etc., etc. And now we are coming to the big feature in Boyce's Monthly for this new year.

500 Pages; 50 Valuable Illustrations.

This "Life of William McKinley," of which we tell with so much enthusiasm, was edited by Bishop Fallows, assisted by Samuel Fallows, with an introduction by United States senator William E. Mason, of Illinois. It is a large octavo volume of 500 pages, and contains 50 illustrations, so that no one will have to strain their eyes for eyes to read it. There are 3 pounds of interesting history in the book, and it is bound in cloth. Besides the illustrations there are 9 full-page half-tones from high-class half-tone process, colored cuts, wood, and wash drawings. The pictures are poses from actual life. I have seen full-page portrayal of President McKinley at different stages of career of Mr. McKinley, and of the parents of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley; pictures of the cabinet officers, of scenes connected with the death bed, the funeral procession, the murderer, and a host of other interesting personages and scenes. On the cover of this wonderful book, with the picture more real looking, showing, as a likeness of our beloved, martyred president.

How You Can Get the Book Free.

And now that you have all about this International Memorial Edition of the Life of McKinley let us tell you in a few words what we want you to do for us so that we can send you the book free. We want you to help us to a million and a half subscribers to Boyce's Monthly. We want a big subscription list so that you can fully appreciate the value of your subscription. Boyce's Monthly is worth—and that the coming year it will be worth more than it ever has been. Remembering this, will you help us? Would you mind telling your friends what you think of Boyce's Monthly? That will be all you have to do to get the book free. Tell your friends to send you 25 cents for a subscription to Boyce's Monthly at our special offer—it costs much, and not the money you send us, but we do not care for that. Send us the name and address of the Life of William McKinley. No one will refuse to subscribe to Boyce's Monthly when they know what a splendid magazine it is going to be. Tell your friends that coming year. Just send us the names of your friends and we will write to them at once for you. We'll back up with deeds every word we say, too. Just mention the matter to them, that's all that is necessary. Get up a club of six today. Don't delay the matter, for if you do someone else will be ahead of you among your friends. Remember that our editors are bound to have 1,500,000 subscribers this coming year, and that will make Boyce's Monthly the largest circulated paper in the whole world. We are interested in you. We want you to have this book—you ought to have it—and we also want you and your friends to be regular readers of Boyce's Monthly, the brightest, best, newsiest, most interesting and most helpful home paper published for the home.

BEGIN THE CLUB OF SIX TODAY.

Start out today, dear friend; send us the club of six, with 25 cents enclosed to pay for the subscriptions and we will at once send you "The Life of William McKinley" free for your trouble. Address,

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Building CHICAGO, ILL

THIS BOOK RECREATES YOUR CULTURE.

And now, don't forget the new and interesting features that are to appear in Boyce's Monthly for the year 1902. You surely will want to be a subscriber, and your friends will want to be subscribers, too. If you will simply raise a club of six yearly subscribers to Boyce's Monthly at our special price of 25 cents each we will send you this valuable book as your premium. Address Boyce's Monthly, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFER;